

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

In the British House of Commons a couple of weeks ago a bill was introduced on behalf of the Nonconformists to alter the law relating to burial grounds and burials. The report of the debate as found in a recent number of a British exchange is interesting, particularly to those who are aware of the frequent and unhappy occasions when, no Anglican clergyman being present, funerals are forced to wait at the gate of a cemetery, sometimes for hours, for a properly anointed priest to escort the corpse to a grave in consecrated ground. I read an instance lately of a funeral that waited four hours and a half at the gate of an Anglican cemetery before a clergyman in orders could be procured. He had apparently purposely absented himself so as to hinder the interment of a Nonconformist, the caretaker having evidently been instructed not to permit the funeral cortege to enter. By the time a properly accredited clergyman was found, nearly everybody had been driven home by the inclement weather, excepting the bearers in charge of the body and the driver of the hearse. Legislators having this and many other incidents in mind, it seemed not only proper, but necessary, that some law should be passed with regard to cemeteries, whether they are consecrated as a whole, or in parts, or not at all, admitting the dead and providing proper means for interment at reasonable expense.

In the past, and occasionally in the present, here in Canada there are or have been strange and absolutely heart-rending occurrences, the result of people not understanding the rules of the Anglican church as applied to its burial grounds. Rectors are sometimes found—few in number, fortunately—to stand upon their dignity and refuse to admit the bodies of Nonconformists, though the grave has been dug and everything apparently made ready. They also occasionally insist upon taking charge of the ceremony and refusing permission to the minister chosen by the family to have anything to say at the grave. These painful episodes are found nearly altogether in localities where the only cemetery within reasonable distance is under Anglican control and the Nonconformists are uninfluential. Such localities are not now numerous in this country, but in England, where the Established Church is so powerful, we can easily conceive of the difficulty of finding a proper burial-place not owned by the state institution.

In spite of the great amount of trouble, sorrow and bitterness which has been caused by the domineering attitude of those who have been given livings and appointments by grace of influence rather than by reason of piety, this sort of thing continues in England and all attempts to abate the rigor of foolish rulings seem to fail. When the Imperial House of Commons divided for a second reading of the Burial bill, 194 members voted against, while only 150 were in its favor, and the bill was consequently rejected by a majority of 44.

The desire to be buried in consecrated ground is a very peculiar one, which is quite as unreasonable and yet quite as natural as for living persons to be tortured by anxieties of any kind with regard to where they shall be buried. To threaten a devout Roman Catholic with a refusal to permit his remains to be interred in a locality where the Almighty is expected to look for the faithful, is to inflict one of the severest penalties which the historic church keeps in reserve for backsliders. No doubt the thought and presence of death make us all weaker than we are when full of health and strength and high spirits. We think little about the Hereafter, and smile cynically when we hear of others who are being brought to terms by clerical threats of excommunication. Admitting, however, that such threats are influential, it is a grave question whether these arrogant assertions of religious teachers serve the purpose for which they are used. To be controlled by the terrors of the law is to be excited into antagonisms and to cause to be instituted certain investigations which are liable to relieve the reasonable man or woman from the fear of many of the threatened penalties. The world is outgrowing all this sort of thing, and they are being quietly left as a force to compel the ignorant. The world is none the worse for its release from the terrorisms which are esteemed valuable by spiritual teachers who think that the human family can be scared into heaven.

I thoroughly believe in the good things of religion and the absolute certainty of a future life for those who deserve it, but I should not desire for a moment to be one of a crowd of cowards who yielded in this life their manhood and while in a panic scuttled off to some obscure corner of heaven simply to escape hell. Nor does it seem to me a very manly and inviting attitude for one who is dying, or for the friend of one who is dead, to use influence, either in the nature of coaxing or cash, in order that the body may be buried in a spot where Gabriel's trumpet, it is alleged, will be heard on the resurrection morn in time to make it possible for the occupant of the grave to get up and get a good seat before the unconsecrated crowd begin to rush in. This sort of thing seems to me a little tough on the people who do not possess the influence, the opportunity or the cash to make their advent into heaven an imposing affair.

The Discussion of the Departmental Store Question will be found on page 3.

and their reception, except upon their merits, a foregone conclusion.

I admit that I am not quite certain whether the consecration of the ground in which a man is buried is going to help him either to withstand the worms or to get a reserved seat in the Sweet Bye-and-Bye land. I do not intend to be irreverent, but reverence cannot be coupled with the absurdity of the proposition which even suggests that where we are buried can influence the location of where we are eternally to live in happiness, or eternally to be occupied with the impossible tortures of unsuccessfully trying to die.

Conventionally speaking, it is very nice for one to contemplate a peaceful and conventional funeral for oneself and one's friends, and it is also a relief for one's friends to have in view the putting away of a brother, or father, or husband, or sister, or someone dear to them, without being involved in a squabble at the gate of a cemetery. The law should prevent any possi-

rupter is protected from any retaliatory measures.

Burial grounds under sanitary regulations are being located nowadays with more regard to public health than to any likelihood of being conspicuous to the eye of Gabriel, who is expected to arouse the sleepers. The laws of the land should make it necessary for any corporation or church which institutes a burial ground, that anyone desiring to take a little lot in the city of the dead shall be permitted to do so upon the payment of a certain price. Those buried should be protected from having their bodies or their bones stolen, but no law should permit any functionary, civil or religious, to stand at the gate of a burial place and forbid the entrance of any corpse or those attendant upon it. There should be in every cemetery a certain portion of ground not marked by any term of contempt or any insignia of pauperism, where those who have no money can be buried, and the one who dies, or the friends of the one who is dead, shall be permitted to choose the par-

tenable; for if those who come out of consecrated ground are to be considered superior to those who come up from graves which have not been blessed in some clerical way, what shall become of those who have had no interment at all, whose bones bleach on the plains, are frozen in the arctic regions, or glisten in the sun on the desert? Where shall those be who have been buried in the sea or have been consumed by wild beasts in the forest? Are these unfortunates who have had no time to make preparation for their interment or cremation, to have their misfortunes follow them into the other world? Are they to lie in their nameless graves forever, or to listen in vain or from afar to the sound of the Last Trumpet or of the feet of the millions who pass on up to be received with kindness and congratulation before the Throne of the Kingdom of Forever? Must they loiter, ashamed and hopeless, until every last one from graves consecrated by human hands passes them by? If so, the brave and adventurous souls who have gone down in ships, who have perished in storms, who have

Personally I would infinitely prefer to pay for a steerage berth on the Lucania than to be presented with the captain's cabin on the Numidian, with wine, etc., thrown in free, especially at this season of the year.

Yours, etc., JOHN RANSFORD.

Whoever the writer of the letter may be, he should remember that when a private citizen of a country goes abroad he has only to consider his own comfort and individual interests. In doing this he may choose a New York steamer to England, and be quite justifiable in doing so if the Canadian service is comparatively so bad as is alleged in the letter quoted. When a high functionary, however, of Canada either goes or comes he should use a Canadian ship. It may not be his choice nor contribute to his personal comfort, but the High Commissioner of Canada should not be heralded as traveling on even an English line via New York. If he were as old as the writer of the letter would suggest, or as decrepit as this correspondent would have us believe, Sir Donald Smith should not be High Commissioner in London, or anywhere else. Such a suggestion is misleading; Sir Donald Smith is a vigorous man, and the voyage to Halifax from Liverpool is not more tempestuous than one to New York. I have crossed the ocean a dozen times, and three of my return trips have been in the Fall on Canadian steamers, during what is considered likely to be a stormy season. Only one of the three was unusually rough, and in only one of the three ships were the accommodations and service particularly bad. The Canadian steamers, it is true, have more or less expected to do Canadian business without affording a great deal more than a rather low average of service. Like a great many Canadian authors who write books and expect to have them read because they were written in Canada, some of the Canadian steamship lines expect to be patronized by Canadians simply because they sail from Canadian ports. That comfortable cabins and pleasant passages cannot be had on Canadian ships, however, is a libel even upon our inefficient service. Canadian officials, however, can very well afford to ride on Canadian ships, and this was the substance of what was said in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT.

My correspondent may know what steerage passage means on some of the big ships, but when he says that he would prefer it to the captain's cabin on a Canadian liner he is slandering the ships of his own country, if he happens to be a Canadian. It cannot be denied that we should have a better service, but not for one instant can the service we now have be considered as bad as he represents it. He is simply another proof that Canadians forget their country too often and are prone to speak evil of those things which they should uphold, and is but a further evidence that the paragraph which has called forth his letter was necessary. Private citizens may do as they like; public functionaries should do nothing which tends to prove that the country they represent is devoid of those commercial facilities which should attract population.

Following is another letter which is reproduced to show how completely the gentleman answers himself:

To the Editor Saturday Night:

DEAR SIR,—You make a statement in your issue of the 6th inst., which you repeat on the 13th inst., with regard to rates of postage on parcels, which I think on investigation you will find is altogether incorrect. Your reassertion if incorrect is inexcusable, but I for one shall be glad to be assured of your accuracy. You state that parcels of merchandise are carried by mail to the North-West at four cents per pound. The business which I manage pays large sums for postage of parcels, but we pay one cent per ounce on everything—boxes and wrapping included. If the express companies charge higher rates than this on parcels weighing twenty-five ounces and upwards, they are simply strangling the trade of the country and should be restrained. For my own part I would be glad to see Canadian postal rates such as they have them in Great Britain, which runs thus for parcels, the parcels not being subject to inspection, viz., 3d. (six cents) for the first pound and 1d. (three cents) for each extra pound, delivered in any part of the kingdom.

Allow me to illustrate one simple way in which we used this arrangement whilst living in London, to the advantage of all concerned. We got our fresh eggs sent up by mail in simple cardboard boxes from Wales daily, or as desired, and in a long experience I have no recollection of breakage. Was not this a boon to both consumer and producer? And would not city people in this country be glad of such an arrangement? and certainly the farmer would also be glad. But this is only a single instance of benefit; there are scores of others.

Then commercially we are made to pay unfair postage. Invoices, statements, receipts, etc., are taxed three cents in Canada, whilst in Great Britain they go in unsealed envelopes for one cent each; and this is all such forms should be charged here.

I could give many instances, if they would interest you, where an article costing us originally, say, eight cents, has paid to the Government two cents as duty, and twelve cents in postage. This happens with us almost daily. It is not by restricting the present service, but by its expansion and improvement, that I think the country generally will be benefited, and I make bold to challenge you to ask for an expression of views held on this subject by your readers.

Yours truly, C. R. BROWNEHICK.

Toronto, March 15th, 1897.

The rates he quotes are much higher than those practically in vogue in Canada, though they are those prevalent in a compactly settled country where the postal authorities pay a far less price for the carriage of material over the railroads than we pay in this country. Another letter, it may be said, endorsed by the Postmaster of Toronto, intimates that our statement that parcels are carried in the mails

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WARD AND VOKES,

The Comedians who appear at the Toronto Opera House next week.

bility of any such squabble. Death has sufficient terrors without having added to them the possibility of an arrogant cleric forbidding the corpse and the mourners to enter the burial ground and finish up the inevitable performance which closes the career of every atom of civilized humanity. Surely when one is dead one ought at least to be free from the troubles of this earth. It is hard enough to have in prospect the purgatory of one sect, the everlasting punishment of another, or the still more terrible extermination which is the best that disbelievers in God can offer. Our miseries are mostly created by ourselves, inasmuch as we seem to hanker for tragedies and invest with extraordinary powers and influence those who take the greatest liberties in trying to scare us. It is thus that priests and clergymen of all denominations have acquired an undue influence which they have been able to use for our discomfiture. Any layman who would dare for a moment disturb the placidity of a funeral or interrupt the last solemn rites, would be at once arrested and put in jail, and the entire community would endorse the severest sentence of the magistrate. Yet when the same funeral, the same rites, over the same poor piece of abandoned clay, are interrupted by a man clothed in authority, derived from we know not where, but which in our hearts we are all quite sure is not directly God-given, the episode is considered proper and the inter-

ticular locality esteemed most desirable. No cleric has a right to shut out the unshriven Catholic if in his dying hour he holds it essential to his salvation that he be grouped with those of his own faith. It is quite possible he may believe that long before any other denomination has heard the first rumble of the alarm of resurrection, all Roman Catholics will have already filled the most desirable situations in heaven, and all the harps and musical instruments necessary for providing music throughout the golden streets will be in possession of the sect to which they belong. The Anglicans, acting upon the same theory, have consecrated their burial grounds and reserve them for the use of those who belong to the Church of England and desire to be buried in so desirable a situation as that occupied by bishops and archbishops, rectors, old families, and those who have been always willing to accept the religion provided by the state. If a man sincerely believes in the system and is informed that he will be judged in heaven, not on earth, he has a right to demand interment in the cemetery of his own choosing if there be ground vacant—and in the new cemeteries ground should be kept vacant for all, whether they have money or not.

The Nonconformists of course have never asserted their right nor made any claim to exclusiveness, and their position seems most

died in battle, who have been stricken by the sun or stiffened or turned into ice by the cold, will view with affrighted and sorrowing eyes the motley procession which will perhaps sneeringly pass them by.

I received the following letter which, signature and all, is the production of a typewriter, and probably principally intended to stir me into "remarks."

THE CANADIAN MAIL ROUTE.

DEAR DOX—I read with much pleasure a rule your remarks concerning men and things. But in your last issue you write some nonsense concerning Sir Donald Smith and his returning to Canada via New York, that I feel constrained to show you that everybody does not agree with your views on this subject. You actually take the position that to be patriotic, Sir Donald Smith should travel to Ottawa via Halifax and a Canadian steamer.

May I ask what Sir Donald Smith has done, what particular crime has he committed that he should be condemned to such a fate?

Who but a lunatic in an advanced state of imbecility would dream of taking passage in the Numidian or Vancouver, or anything else, if a passage could be obtained in the Majestic, Teutonic, Lucania, or Campania?

Even in the summer it is comparatively taking one's life in one's hand to cross via Belle Isle Straits instead of by a first-class New York boat. Until we have decent vessels running to Halifax, please do not hint at disloyalty because a man of Sir Donald Smith's age shrinks so naturally from braving the terrors of a winter trip in a Canadian steamer.

A FACE ON KING STREET.

An Imaginative and Romantic Story of Reincarnation.

HERE had I seen it before!—that face so strange and so familiar. Suddenly in the twilight it paused before me on the street—the face of a youth whom I had never met, and yet whose eyes as he lifted them to mine startled some slumbering memory to life and stirred my spirit with a sense of strange familiarity, and sudden recollection of vanished joys, and sweet companionship, and a secret shared in common.

"Hallo," I cried involuntarily; "don't you remember—"

The noise of the trolley drowned my voice, but his eyes as he stepped on the car met mine, and there suddenly leaped to his face a look of startled recognition. Then the car moved on and he was gone.

Where had I seen him before? Not in this life certainly, and yet I knew him well.

To-night as I lie sleepless on my couch in the still watches of the night, I seem to hear the sound of muffled drums, and my spirit is stirred to its profoundest depths by a sense of sweetest reminiscence. The corridors of memory are thronged with shadowy images imperceptible before, and a thousand deeper recollections, which form a shadowy background to the face I saw on King street.

I know to-night that the life I am living is only one of a series. The spirit of man is eternal, will endure forever and has forever endured. There is no beginning, no end, from birth to death, from death to birth. We part to meet again, while fate behind the scenes sits spinning the looms of life and love, and binds our souls with kindred souls in sweet melodic sympathies through the long vistas of eternity.

In the sweet silence of the night the doors of the darkness are opened and the mystery is unveiled. I see it act again.

I was leading an army to battle on the plains of Issus, and stretching far away before me in the gray light of the morning I saw the gilded helmets of the thousand times ten thousand men-at-arms, their helmets flashing bright in the sunlight, their gorgeous banners floating proudly to the breeze, their legions forming for battle at the imperious summons of brazen trumpet and clashing cymbal. See, they advance. The armies meet. The glittering swords clash on the brazen helmet and shield and steal into the joints of the armor and drink the blood of life. In the fierce death struggle the warriors grapple, and with clinched teeth and uplifted hands they struggle madly, fiercely, and the air is filled with the noises of battle, the clash of the sword, the war-cries of the legions, the shrieks of dying men and horses. Ah, see! They have broken our phalanx. To the rescue, my gallant Greeks. Quick. Remember Marathon. At the head of the last legion I plunge into the battle, but not alone. Ah, no. Who is it rides on the white horse by the side of my gallant black as we ride gloriously forward, thrilling with battle joy, our golden armor flashing in the sun, the wild, hot blood of youth singing and dancing in our veins, our bright swords glittering in a radiant arch around our heads as we plunge into the battle and drive the foe before us like chaff before the wind? Ah, we were too fast. We are separated from the legions. I am surrounded. My sword breaks. My helmet is torn from my head. I am down. They are upon me, the enemy. Their fierce faces surround me. The swords and axes uplifted fall—upon whose shield? Who springs to my side and stands alone above me like a young lion at bay? They throng upon him fifty to one. He is wounded. He is bleeding. He falls upon his knee, still fighting fiercely, his shield above him! Ah, a rescue! We are saved! He falls into my arms.

"Hephæstion," I whisper. "Alexander," he murmurs, the pale lips faintly smiling. As I lift the bloody helmet from his head the golden curls fall on my arm.

It was the face I saw on King street. What does it mean? Who was Hephæstion? Who was Alexander? Where is the plain of Issus?

Another vision floats before my eye. Where am I? The lights are bright and the table is set with costly cups—it is a banquet hall. Around the table, heavily laden with choice dainties, rich wines, rare foods and golden ornaments, sit a company of stately warriors clad in costly robes. At the head of the table sits a giant who towers a head and shoulders above his fellows and wears a golden crown upon his head, and by his left side a mighty sword is lying, and at his right I sit, who am his son. Noiselessly to and fro soft-footed slaves pass, distributing wines and foods and fruits on golden dishes to the guests. At the end of the table stands a youth, and in his hand is a harp. The eye of the king falls upon him, and he speaks.

"Sing, Sweet Singer of Israel; touch your harp and sing." His fingers fall upon the harp; his silvery voice uplifted fills the air with the glory of song. The waves of melody beat upon my soul and awake sweetest sympathies. They thrill the spirits of the guests. The wine-cups fall from the hands, their voices are hushed. Silent as statues they sit, enthralled, bewitched, fascinated by the charm of the wonderful song as it throbs upon the perfumed air in sweet melodic waves of love and joy.

He is silent. They throng about him and crown him with flowers and laurel. The brow of the king grows dark.

"He will be king," he mutters. He seizes the sword and leaps to his feet, and the guests shrink back affrighted, but I seize him by the arm.

"O, Saul, Saul, my father, spare the Sweet Singer of Israel."

The uplifted arm falls to his side. I lead the singer from the room. Together we tread the streets of the holy city to find him a place of refuge. His face is uplifted to mine.

"Jonathan!" he cries.

"Ah, David!"

It was the face I saw on King street.

What visions are these that haunt me as I

pass on my way to the Forum, what dark forebodings of impending evil? What omens of evil portend? The cock crowed thrice last night and a glittering sword was hung across the heavens. The air is heavy with the odor of blood and the Tiber is moaning in its bed as I pass hurriedly on to the Forum. Why should I fear?—I who had led the Eagles of Rome upon a hundred battle-fields and earned the right to be her—Hush! Who would speak with Caesar?

Ah, I am dead! They throng about me, the senators; their daggers are buried in my flesh, and there is one among them—one face—he will not strike. I see him bending above me, love in his eyes, a dagger in his hand. O cruel blow!

"Te tu Brute."

It was the face I saw on King street.

The shadows are vague—incoherent. Many ages pass dimly before me; his face is framed in them all. We were courtiers together, and kings together. We were soldiers and slaves, poets and priests; in courts and camps, and in the quiet of the cloister—always together. They burnt us together in Rome for loving the truth too well, and I looked across from my stake to his and laughed. We were divine. The ages passed. I remember that glimpse of his face as I led the Ironsides at Edyebus. He, Bonnie Charlie, was a Royalist. The ages passed, all moving to one tremendous consummation.

The night is dark—black, black, black. What flashes of light are these swift breaking in on the darkness? Hark to the roar of cannon and the clash of steel to steel, battle and smoke and carnage, and the lines of contending armies. Strange faces gather around me, outlined in bloody mists and smoke. It chokes me, the smoke. No, it parts. I see the Eagle. O, memory tremendous. Sound the trumpet! Shadows! Tramp, tramp, tramp! Dusky regiments are marching behind me. I am advancing, ever advancing, over the hills. See the white snow! Who is it rides by my side over the hills—white hills? That face—shadows—battles of blood and carnage! Where am I? These burning sands—these pyramids—Ten thousand ages look down on him by my side. Shadows—darkness. Where am I? Hark to the trumpet! The rattle of the drums! I am leading armies to battle. See! See! O memory tremendous, the sun of Austerlitz, arising, falls on his face by my side. Victory! Cressus. I am the ruler of nations. See! The kings are kissing my feet. Shadows! Where am I? Hark to the trumpeting armies—banners! I am leading them on flame and fire! O monstrous conflagration, the angels of God are fighting against me. They have kindled the houses of Moscow. Frost! Frost!—it is in my veins. My blood is frozen. Shadows! Where am I? Alone—against the world. Sound the trumpet! See the sun! It sinks! Blood, blood, blood!—I am choking in rivers of blood! Fight on! I sink—I rise! Sound the trumpet! Who answers? What, am I alone? Nay! there is one by my side. Ah! hark to the dripping of water on the beach. Shadows! I am leading an army again. *En avant! mes comrades.* Lift the Eagles—once the best. Throw up the dice again. My spirit is shrouded in darkness and the skies are ominous and dark—but still, advance, advance. Where am I? Hark to the crash of the cannon. Bloodshed and courage again; bloodshed and smoke and courage, and the clash of steel to steel. Advance the Eagles! Victory is ours, my children, if we crush those thin red squares. They stand—are they iron or granite? Plough into them with the cannons. Crush them—shatter them—rend them. Kingdoms and crowns and sceptres to the men that crush the squares. Hold back the Old Guard; not yet. See! I am blinded by smoke. Say, are they standing still? Ay—Old Guard, advance! Crush me those purple squares. Veterans of Marengo, Jena, Austerlitz. See, they are gathered around me! We have held the world at our feet. Crush me those Briton squares—it will be at our feet again. Sound the trumpet. *En avant!* Hark to the tramp of ten thousand horsemen as they sweep like the whirlwind forward down on the thin red squares. Do they break the squares! The smoke is in my eyes; I cannot see. What! they recoil! Sound the trumpet. Just one more charge—one more. Reform the ranks. Ah, who will lead? Who? Whose face is this by my side? Who rides away like a whirlwind to reform the shattered ranks and lead them, lion-like, forward into the jaws of death? See, he turns as he gallops forward. And I see his bright sword flashing in the air as he rises in his stirrups and waves a last farewell. His voice, sweet as a wedding-bell, comes backward on the bleeding wind out of the valley of death.

"Vive l'Empereur."

Eternal surging of seas, eternal surging of seas, they break upon the rocks—no, they break upon my heart; they break my heart, eternal surging of seas.

Where am I? Ah, I remember. Sound the trumpet. Just one more charge—one more—*en avant, mes. Eh!* Did someone speak? What is the matter—oh, I remember—Toronto—yes, Toronto—for a time.

I saw him yesterday on King street and now as I set here in the quiet of the night I can hear the fingers of fate weaving the loom of a still more magnificent destiny, shifting the scenes, clearing the stage, arranging the lights and preparing to lift the curtain upon the other act in the drama of being.

When I step upon the stage for the last great act of all—the crowning cataclysm of the centuries—the last tremendous war. Well I know that ever by my side in summer sun or winter frost—in the dark valleys of dejection or on the towering mountain peaks of glory—forever loyal, forever true, I'll see—the face I saw on King street. There is no beginning and there is no end, only eternity and the soul.

What if we die, we meet again, On some divine height of thought; O listen to the sweet refrain, We meet again, we meet again, Beyond the tears, beyond the pain,

Beyond the death that slays in vain, We meet again, we meet again, Soul of my soul, we meet again In white eternal halls. CAIUS. Toronto, March, '97.

Poverty of the Blood.

A Trouble that is Making the Lives of Thousands Miserable.

It Brings in Its Train, Nervousness, Pains in the Back and Side, Headaches, Heart Palpitation, and Results Fatally Where Efficacious Treatment is Not Resorted to.

From the Sussex, N.B., Record.

There are many ways in which people may prove benefactors of the human race. There are those who of their abundance spend large sums in erecting public buildings and beautifying public parks. Others spend their money in charitable work, and in alleviating the sufferings of less fortunate fellows, and for these acts these people are honored. The person who having obtained relief from sickness and makes public the means by which health was regained, is none the less a public benefactor. Among these latter is Miss Elena O'Neill, daughter of Mr. Jas. O'Neill, a well-to-do farmer living near Millstream, Kings Co., N.B. Miss O'Neill was attacked with anemia (poverty of the blood), a trouble unfortunately too common among the young girls of the present day, and one which is certain to terminate fatally if not promptly checked, and the blood enriched and renewed.

Having discovered a remedy that will achieve this happy result, Miss O'Neill is willing that less fortunate sufferers should reap the benefit of her experience. To a correspondent of the Record, Miss O'Neill related the story of her illness and cure. She said: "I believe that had I not begun the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my trouble would have ended fatally. My illness came about so gradually that I can scarcely say when it began. The first symptoms were a loss of color, and a feeling of tiredness following even moderate exertion. Gradually I became as pale as a corpse, and was extremely nervous. Then I was attacked with a pain in the side, which daily grew more and more intense. I coughed a great deal, and finally grew so weak that if I went upstairs I had to rest when I reached the top. My appetite forsook me. I was subject to spells of dizziness, and severe headache, and was gradually wasting away until I lost all interest in life. I had tried a number of medicines but found no relief. In this apparently hopeless condition, while reading a newspaper I saw a statement of a young lady whose symptoms were almost identical with my own, whose health had been restored through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This statement was so encouraging that I determined that I would try this medicine. In my case, as in that of the young lady whom I had read about, the result was marvelous. The pain in my side from which I had suffered so much, disappeared, my nerves were strengthened, my appetite returned, and my whole system seemed to be strengthened and renewed. I am now as well as any member of the family and have not known what sickness was since I discontinued the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"My gratitude towards this grand medicine is unbounded, and I hope my statement may be the means of bringing encouragement and health to some other sufferer."

The gratifying results following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the case of Miss O'Neill, prove that they are unequalled as a blood builder and nerve tonic. In the case of young girls who are pale and sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. They are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

A Good Joke on Europe.

There is not a reigning Sovereign in Europe whose family is of the nation over which he rules. The house of Austria is in reality the house of Lorraine, the Hapsburgs being of Swiss origin. The King of the Belgians is of Saxe-Coburg. The King of Denmark is a Holsteiner. The young King of Spain is an Austro-Bourbon. The King of Italy is a Savoyard. The founder of the Bernadotte dynasty in Sweden was a country attorney at Pau less than a century and a quarter ago, and the King of the Hellenes is a Holsteiner. The British Royal family is, as everyone knows, Hanoverian. The Hohenzollerns were originally Suab-

ians, and are therefore partly Bavarians and partly Swiss.

Heliotrope.

The name of the heliotrope comes from two Greek words signifying "twined toward the sun." It has long been a belief that the flower of the heliotrope turns, with the advancing day,

to face the sun. In some species of this plant this curious phenomenon does really occur.

The man who takes a short cut to Success generally has to go back and learn the regular road.—*Life.*

"I wonder if Adam could have had any poetic talents?" "Of course not. Poets are born, not made."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Economy in Stationery

Next to the cost of note paper there is no item that is such a continued expense as one's visiting cards; it is, however, important that these should be of the finest quality and done in accordance with accepted forms.

Our cards cost no more than the LOWEST PRICE IN CANADA, and are the same as those supplied by Tiffany of New York.

WEDDING INVITATIONS
FAMILY STATIONERY

WM. TYRRELL & CO.
12 King St. West, Toronto

A Few Things

"Welland Vales"

A few things, such as Beauty of Design, Finish, and general excellence of appearance, all can understand; but there are not many who possess the needed knowledge to select a bicycle on its merits of construction, material and workmanship.

The cheap wheels imported only to SELL almost make it necessary to get an expert's opinion before investing. We court expert inspection, and have no fear of the result—you'll ride a "Welland Vale" without doubt.

"Perfect" "Garden City" "Dominion"

TORONTO STORE
77 Yonge Street

FACTORY
St. Catharines, Ont.

Welland Vale
Mfg. Co., Ltd.



New Fancy Work Book



for 1896. Just out. Gives explicit instructions for embroidering tea cloths, centerpieces and doilies in all the latest and most popular designs, including Rose, Jewel, Delft, Wild Flower and Fruit patterns. It tells you just the shades of silk to use for each design, as well as complete directions for working. Also, rules for knitting Baby's Shirt and Cap and crocheting Baby's Bonnet; 90 pages, over 60 illustrations. Sent to any address for 10c. in stamps. Mention "for 1896 Corticelli Home Needlework."

BRAINERD &
ARMSTRONG'S

Doyle and Centerpiece Book just published, the most up-to-date book on the subject, sent to any address for 10c in stamps.

Address—
Corticelli Silk Co., Ltd.
50 Richelieu St.
ST. JOHNS, P. Q.



SEND
FOR
ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE.

H. A. Lozier & Co.

Salesrooms, 169 Yonge St., Factory, Toronto Junction

ANNOUNCEMENT OF
CLEVELAND CYCLING
ACADEMY OPENING
LATER.

Kings Ride
The Cleveland
A Wheel Fit for Kings

Models 27, 28 and 29, Price \$100
Models 22 and 23, Price \$75

DEPARTMENTAL STORES.

The Attention of Governments and of City Councils is Called to the List here Given of Firms that have Gone Out of Business, chiefly because the People are Being Humbugged by the Features of a Circus and the Principles of a Lottery.

THE manner in which business men and newspapers have taken up the fight against the new scheme whereby capital seeks to get a monopoly of all the avenues that communicate between the producer and consumer, is most encouraging. Letters are coming in from nearly every town between Montreal and Windsor, and presently an army of defence will have been organized, with local camps in every town and village that is not wholly resigned to its fate.

But right here it is not out of place to devote a paragraph to those men who admit all the evils that are charged against departmental stores, bid us God-speed in our efforts, but say: "You can't really do anything." These people are worth reasoning with because they are honest, and I hope they will begin over again and think the matter out from the very basis of it, on into the future as far as they can see. It is important that they shall be won over, for they do the cause more harm than any other class. "You might as well try to turn the St. Lawrence from its course," they say. It seems to me that that simile might be improved.

Those of us who have gone into this crusade might better be described as trying to keep the St. Lawrence in its channel and to defeat those who have dammed up the stream at a given point in order to inundate all the country above that point and to make an arid waste of all the country further down stream. To keep up the simile, it might be added that some very extensive and wonderful dyking has been done in Holland. The sea rolls as it likes along the sea-bottoms, but Holland belongs to the Dutch. The Don River twisted its way into the city over a course like the writhings of a snake—its channel was almost as crooked as the ways of that trade which we assail—but we straightened that channel. If, therefore, we look to the rivers or the sea for encouragement we find it.

Suppose that a man claims that departmental stores cannot be abolished, yet even then he should join with us, for if we cannot do that, we can at least do these things:

We can make the departmental store pay a tax bearing the same just relation to the business done as the taxes formerly paid by other stores bore to the business done by them.

We can regulate the employment of children in departmental stores, as we have done with regard to factories.

We can, in the interests of the human family, make it imperative that girls and young women, if employed in such stores, shall be paid sufficient wages to buy food and clothing.

We can amend our postal laws so that the mail cars shall not be the delivery wagons, the postman shall not be the messenger boys, nor the postoffice staff the shipping-clerks of departmental stores, whilst our mail service is maintained by the Government and run at the cost of an enormous annual deficit.

We can see to it that the advertising matter of departmental stores shall pay its own way as it travels through the country, and not remain as now a charge and burden upon the state.

We can put a check upon the mendacity of those who issue advertisements calculated to injure or destroy other places of business, at least requiring that an advertisement shall be a valid basis of contract and not merely an irresponsible trick.

We can insist upon and secure a legislative investigation into the entire methods of departmental stores, so that if evasions of existing regulations are common or if practices are in vogue that require new regulations to protect the purchasing public, remedies may be applied. This investigation could disclose what effect, if any, the new craze for "cheapness" has had upon the number of inches in a foot, the number of feet in a yard, the number of ounces in a pound. If there is any difference of opinion as to whether bargains should be sold by avoirdupois or apothecary weight, the Commission could definitely settle that point.

If that Commission discovers that departmental stores make a dead-end against special dealers in some line of trade, making misstatements of values and combining all interests in one endeavor to crush out those particular dealers so that they may occupy an undivided field, this must rank as a conspiracy and a misdemeanor.

There are many things to be done, and even those who say that departmental stores have come to stay and that it is impossible to pull them up by the roots, must admit the immediate need of some action to protect the people from the consequences of their unthinking credulousness.

In every town in the province let the business men who are to alive to the situation get together AT ONCE and appoint a chairman and a secretary.

Those local business men who are not alive to the need of instant action should be left out, for three energetic men can do more in this cause than twenty who are undecided and indifferent. Send the names and addresses of the chairman and secretary to SATURDAY NIGHT office, Toronto, and we shall furnish the list to the secretary and committee of the Retail Merchants' Association of Toronto, which is a powerful organization. What is necessary is the names of a couple of energetic men in every town and village of the province to whom notice may be sent at the proper moment of a conference to be held and such other action as is contemplated. Newspapers everywhere will please see that this idea comes before the notice of local business men. They will act without any urging.

Herewith we give a list, compiled for us by Mr. J. D. O'Brien, of wholesale and retail houses that have gone out of business in Toronto within the past few years. A great many of the names in this list will be at once recog-

nized as those of men or firms that did not fail, but retired voluntarily. The fact, however, stands out big and significant, that the following firms have gone out of business within the last few years. The capital of each man or firm is also given, and let it be understood that "capital" as shown here does not mean "the value of stock carried," but it means the amount of actual capital invested, or, in most cases, the rating given the men or firms by Bradstreet's. The following firms, then, have retired from business and withdrawn the respective amounts opposite their names from active use in Toronto, thereby reducing the commercial and financial vitality of the city:

Firm	Capital
Alex. Boyd & Co.	dry goods, 125,000
Bryce, McMurich & Co.	200,000
McMaster & Co.	100,000
W. J. McMaster	100,000
Samson, Kennedy & Co.	75,000
Tait, Burch & Co.	100,000
Jas. Scott & Co.	150,000
Hughes Bros.	200,000
Jaffray & Ryan	10,000
Edward McKeown	dry goods, 10,000
F. Thompson & Sons	10,000
H. A. Nelson & Son	fancy goods, 150,000
Ewing & Co.	35,000
Wolfe Bros. & Co.	50,000
Withrow & Hillock	planning mill, 75,000
J. M. Hamilton & Co.	dry goods, 25,000
John Ryan & Co.	15,000
Toronto Jobbing Co.	10,000
Toronto Knitting & Hosiery Co.	hosiery, 25,000
J. A. Skinner & Co.	crockery, 100,000
Armstrong & Stoney	dry goods, 25,000
E. Arnett	4,000
W. H. Bleasley & Co.	25,000
McLean & Mitchell	dry goods, 20,000
J. W. McAdams	Queen west. boots, shoes, 5,000
J. A. McCarville	67 Yonge st. dry goods, 10,000
McKee Bros.	Queen west. linen imports, 5,000
J. R. Robinson	180 Queen west. crockery, 10,000
Richard Tew	10,000
White, Joslin & Co.	laces, 40,000
Hickson, Duncan & Co.	25
Front	fancy goods, 35,000
Higgins & Co.	Yonge st. boots, shoes, 10,000
Milchell & Lester	42 Scott st. fancy goods, 25,000
T. E. Braine	629 Queen west. dry goods, 5,000
Jno. Brewer	337 Spadina, 4,000
Francis Brown	83 Chestnut, 25,000
E. Bronte & Co.	Yonge street, 5,000
Carsley & Co.	210 Yonge street, 5,000
Deitch & Co.	722 Queen west, 20,000
G. W. Dunn & Co.	210 Yonge, 25,000
Thos. Dunnet & Co.	Yonge st. furs, hats, 10,000
J. W. Fenner & Co.	Yonge st. dry goods, 10,000
E. J. Hill	1176 Queen west, 3,000
Alex. Hay	146 Queen west, 10,000
R. A. Hunt & Co.	109 King east, 15,000
W. Lauder & Co.	67 Yonge st, 2,000
H. S. Morrison & Co.	King east, 10,000
A. H. Purand	700 Queen west, boots, shoes, 5,000
Hugh Robb	491 Queen west, 10,000
J. H. Shearer & Co.	236 Yonge, 15,000
W. J. Somerville & Co.	575 Queen west, 10,000
R. Spain	Queen west. grocery & tailors, 10,000
R. Walker & Sons	dry goods, 200,000
M. Kassel	309 Queen west, 5,000
Devaney Bros.	437 Queen west, 25,000
D. Grant & Co.	167 Yonge st., 15,000
A. A. Alexander	186 Queen w. hats, furs, 5,000
P. Curran	152 Yonge street, 3,000
Cooper & Smith	boots, shoes, 25,000
W. Lauder & Co.	30 King west. trunks, bags, 25,000
Jolliffe & Co.	391 Queen west. furniture, 3,000
Thos. O'Brien	413 Yonge st., gent's furnishings, 3,000
Jas. Bell & Co.	109 King east, 10,000
I. Cooper	109 Yonge street, 10,000
Chas. Stark & Co.	Church st. fancy goods, 50,000
E. Hoos	682 Queen west. hosiery mfg., 15,000
Sterling, McCreddie & Co.	furs, 10,000
Allan Furniture Co.	furniture, 10,000
Adair Bros.	35 York street, fancy goods, 10,000
Foster & Pender	furnishings, 35,000
H. E. Hamilton	22 Bay street, boots, shoes, 30,000
Skilken & Co.	Queen west. dry goods, 25,000
W. Hoskin	700 Queen west. boots, shoes, 10,000
Geo. Adams	367 Queen w. clothing, 10,000
A. V. Abbott	Rossin House, drugs, 10,000
R. S. Robinson	clothing, 3,000
Bailey & Lambert	Alice st. chairs, 2,000
F. K. Taggart & Co.	39 King w. watches, 10,000
Brandon Mfg. Co.	brooms, 35,000
C. E. Boyd	1180 Queen west. shoes, 2,000
Butler Bros.	181 Queen west, 2,000
Samuel Crabb	101 College, 1,500
T. Kennedy & Co.	186 Yonge, 4,000
John Mellon	374 Spadina, 2,000
Jas. Launc & Co.	107 King e. 10,000
Patterson & Cumming	604 Queen w. 3,000
J. B. Thompson	112 King e. shoes, 5,000
Chas. Beatty	188 Queen w. confectionary, 1,000
Ellis & Keighley	2 Bay street, spices, 20,000
John Taylor	Bay street, boots, shoes, 3,000
A. J. McLean	442 Spadina av. tailor, 2,000
United Service Co.	King e. clothing, 5,000
Jos. Cooley & Co.	370 Queen w. wall papers, 5,000
Charlesworth & Co.	boots, shoes, 10,000
R. Cluff	10,000
C. C. Anderson & Co.	watches, 10,000
John Muldrew	dry goods, 25,000
Jos. Lockhart & Co.	400 10,000
George Howell	boots, shoes, 3,000
J. A. Banfield	mfg agent, 3,000
W. Gaynor	3,000
Danford, Roche & Co.	20,000
Damer & Son	boots, shoes, 10,000
C. Davidson & Co.	car. hardware, 20,000
Jas. M. Green	lamps, white, 10,000
Hault & Co.	uphol's sup., 1,000
William Lauder	corsets, 10,000
Geo. Mann & Co.	hats, 25,000
McArthur, Gowlock & Co.	dry goods, 10,000
McKenzie & Hamilton	boots, shoes, 10,000
J. H. McLean & Co.	boots, shoes, 20,000
Miller & McElroy	gent's furs, 75,000
W. Millicamp & Co.	show cases, 10,000
Angus Morrison & Co.	gloves, 10,000

Total, \$3,701,000

Departmental stores call for investigation at the hands of Toronto City Council, because they are injuring the city:

They require to be investigated by the Legislature, because they operate throughout the province;

They require the attention of the Dominion Government, because they operate in the North-West Territories, and also make use of mail and other privileges not originally contemplated.

I am told that many who used to avail themselves of market excursion rates to Toronto are quite indignant because that privilege is now denied them. Take the town of Whitby and the country surrounding it, and study out the whole case—any other town will answer as well, Brampton, or Georgetown, or Oakville, or even those towns lying one hundred miles farther away, from which people order goods by mail instead of dealing at home. But let us consider Whitby and its environs in order to get a concrete case.

The residents of that town and the farmers around about it should pause to consider what they are doing. Fifteen years ago a farm lying one mile from Whitby was worth \$100 an acre or more. To-day the same farm could not be sold for more than \$60 or \$65 an acre. It is the fashion to ascribe this to all sorts of fancy causes—generally some political error is charged with having depressed the value of farm lands, but have we not got a much nearer and more natural explanation? When buying a farm a man likes to get one fronting on a main road and as near a good market as

DR. CHASE'S Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

CURES LA GRIPPE, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS

SEE CURES HERE IN TORONTO:

"I used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for severe throat trouble," writes Mrs. Hopkins, of 254 Bathurst street, Toronto. "It proved most effective. I regard it as one of the best household remedies there is. It is easy and pleasant to take and drives out the cold with surprising celerity."

TORONTO, Feb. 24, 1897.
Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Gentlemen,—I hereby certify that I was troubled with a very bad cold for over two months. After trying several preparations which did not help me, I was fortunate enough to get Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. The first bottle I took relieved me, and two more made a complete cure.

For the benefit of others I cheerfully give this testimonial.
Yours truly,
SAMUEL FLEETWELL TOPP
G. T. R. Brakenman,
25 Maple Grove avenue,
Parkdale.

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for a troublesome affection of the throat," writes Manager Thomas Dewson, of the Standard Bank, now of 14 Melbourne ave., Toronto. "It proved effective. I regard the remedy as simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in troubles of this nature. Hereafter, however, I intend to be my own family doctor."

TORONTO, Feb. 24, 1897.
Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Gentlemen,—I was suffering from a chronic cold, which had been bothering me for over one year. I had tried three or four doctors, but they did not cure me. Mr. Wm. Pierce, of 64 Elm Grove avenue, told me about Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, which I tried and was cured by three bottles.

Yours truly,
W. H. QUINN,
220 Sorauren avenue, Toronto.

"My little boy had a very croupy cough," says Mrs. Smith of 256 Bathurst street, Toronto. "My neighbor, Mrs. Hopkins, recommended me to try Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I did so, and the first dose did him good. One bottle completely cured the cold. It is surprising the popularity of Chase's Syrup in this neighborhood. It appears to me it can now be found in every house."

TORONTO, Feb. 24, 1897.
Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Gentlemen,—Having been cured by two bottles of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine of a hacking cough which had bothered me for over two months, I think it only my duty to certify to this for the benefit of my fellow-moulders and others.

Yours gratefully,
WILLIAM PIERCE, Moulder,
64 Elm Grove avenue, Parkdale.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

soothes and heals affected parts, relieves the overcharged membrane, relieves congestion of the air passages, arrests the progress of fever and inflammation. It is prepared from the finest demulcents and expectorants from the prescriptions of Dr. Chase, and is specially effective in Croup.

CHILDREN JUST LOVE IT

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

25 CENTS

possible. That farm one mile from Whitby was one mile from a good market fifteen years ago; to-day it is twenty-eight miles from a good market. For fifteen years the owner of that farm and the owners of adjoining ones have been building up a town twenty-eight miles distant and tearing down the town whose juxtaposition and convenience once made those farm lands worth \$80 or \$100 an acre more than lands situated a few miles further back in the country. Not only this, but people resident in the town of Whitby and owning property there or earning a livelihood there, have aided in pulling down the town and reducing it to the status of a mere emergency market. The local merchants have been used when goods were wanted on credit; the cash has been carried away or sent away. Let me say again, I only use Whitby as an illustration, and not because it has suffered more than other places.

In a certain town that I could name a merchant tailor one day entered a book store and

priced a certain book. "Two-fifty!" he exclaimed. "You just wait until I show you something." He crossed to his shop and came back with the same book, which he had secured on bargain day at a Toronto departmental store for \$2. Two weeks later the stationer entered the tailor shop to get a suit of clothes. He asked the price and secured a sample of cloth. A week later he entered the tailor shop in a new suit which he had secured in a Toronto departmental store, and invited the tailor to become enthusiastic over the "bargain" he had secured. It requires only a very little reasoning power to argue out the results of such methods upon any town in Ontario. But there are many who want to buy away from home and expect to retain the custom of their neighbors. They should be pulled up with a sharp jerk.

Municipal employees, school-teachers, and other public servants are accused in many letters received by SATURDAY NIGHT of spending all their money outside the towns and vil-

lages that pay their salaries. The taxes paid by local merchants to support schools are paid to school-teachers and sent away to build up the monopolies that aim to crush out those local dealers. These foolish instructors in learning gain nothing in the course of a year, but while buying by mail they have all the excitement of a lottery—they hope to draw a big prize. But local merchants need no special act of the Legislature to stop this. They need only use their "influence."

School-teachers in Toronto and out of it should go to the blackboard with a piece of chalk and figure out whether their salaries are now so large that they can afford to promote a condition of society that will, in three or four more years, unless combated, reduce their salaries by one-half.

His Ready Excuse.

"How dare you, sir!" she exclaimed, after the deed was done.
"You must not mind me," he replied. "I am a chronic osculatory kleptomaniac."

Ketchem, Skinem & Cookem's ENORMOUS STORE

Read Our Advertisement We Change It Often

We want to have a straight talk with the thousands of people who deal with us. We discharged two employees this week—one man aged 20 and the other aged 24. They wanted to get married and asked for a raise of wages from \$4.50 to \$5 per week. Of course we told them to walk out, and their places are now filled by two boys getting \$1.25 per week. This enabled us to announce a

Great Economy Sale

to-morrow. This is not mentioned in a spirit of boasting, although we do feel that we deserve credit for the vigilance we show in keeping down expenses. People are getting married every day who should not. Our other clerks have taken warning, we hope, from the occurrence just mentioned. The people may depend on us—we have things down fine. But we shall get 'em closer yet. When we take out our shears something's got to come off—you may have noticed that if you have ever measured anything bought from us by the yard. One of our clerks, a capable fellow, but one whose ideas on the salary question belong to a past era, now gets \$11 per week. He quits at the end of the month, and there will be a regular

Land Slide in Prices

But this is all by the way and extraneous, as it were. We can sell you [let us express that in other words]—we can supply you with a dictionary containing the word "extraneous" and all others in use thirty-four years ago, for \$1.25. If the school teachers will come from all corners of the city with their pockets full of taxes gathered from property owners, we shall sell our entire stock of these dictionaries [three copies] at the above awe-inspiring reduction in price. First come first served, and nobody allowed to

examine contents. This rule is imperative, owing to the millions of people who will want dictionaries to-morrow.

If we were to say that "to-morrow we shall sell at an exorbitant price everything that is sold during the day," the public would stop street car traffic for hours in crowding in to see what we meant by it. But we won't delude the public. We love the Toronto public, it is so "dead easy." Our advertising man, who has written advertisements for departmental stores all the way from New York to Denver, and has never yet been successfully arrested, says that you are the dearest easiest public he ever amused himself with.

Now let's get down to business. To-morrow we sell men's collars (14, 14½, 19 and 19½—these are the only sizes) at 5c. each. If your neck won't fit one of these collars we have a special department for altering and hem-stitching men's necks, or we can sell you other collars at 2c. or 2½c. We mean business, and are willing to lose \$15 in bargaining certain well-known and much-thumbed articles to-morrow if thereby we can induce 45,000 customers to rush to our store. That costs

One Cent for Ten People.

There's nothing small about us, only our wage-bill and our assessment. The old dealer didn't understand the business. We do. People used to buy what they needed—now they buy what we want to get rid of. We can sell men's frieze overcoats to old maids on the hottest day in summer. This is no idle bar-room jest. Speaking of bar-rooms, we are proud to know that saloon-keepers' wives and hotel-keepers' wives come from all parts of the city to deal with us. That's right. We pay such high salaries to our clerks that they have lots of money to spend on

beer, wine and cigars. When we get the whole business of the city, and the outlying parts of the town are dead, we'll call off business for one hour every day at 10 a.m. and again at 3 p.m. to allow our employees to go east, west and north to support the saloons and hotels. The story that we intend selling liquors in bulk, and beer and light wines by the glass, is false, for the authorities have so far persistently refused us a license.

Property owners should deal with us, because if we are ruining their property, perhaps they can get something below cost and thus ruin us.

To Working People

we would say that we are exterminating the horde of middlemen who feasted upon labor and sucked its life-blood. Mechanics used to be ground down and forced to go on strike to get good wages when building stores for middlemen. We have corrected all that; it shouldn't occur again, for they ain't building any more stores. It is said that they throw people out of work and have no soul or conscience. We give this the lie by making this unprecedented offer: Any storekeeper or workman thrown out of work by us and emigrating to Algoma, Assiniboia or elsewhere to take up farm land, will, on sending us his correct name and address, receive by return mail a copy of our large and beautiful illustrated catalogue

FREE.

Capitalists are quick to see a point, and to them we would say: If you want 100 men to-morrow 1,000 will apply and work at any price at all. Hungry people have no choice. We have brought this about.

We don't like money. We hate the very sight of it, and our one aim in life is to hide millions of it in our vaults.

Here are Some Special Drives for To-morrow

Good Imitation Spools of thread, specially hand-painted to deceive the keenest eye with large, perforated basswood cores, each... 10¢

Men's two-piece White Linen Shirts, new fashion, extending in length from the neck to bottom button on waistcoat... 49¢

Boots and Shoes, bought at a bargain in lumber rooms of shoe factories, carefully paired by our surfers and just as good as if they'd been meant to be mates, per pair... 99¢

Finest imported Imitation Vinegar, only purest spring water and carefully tested acids used, per quart... 30¢

Very finest Silks, extremely nutty and chic, for one day only, as we have but one chunk of this fossil left, per yard... 32¢

500 Vacant Stores in Toronto at 15 per cent. of their value... 10,000 Houses in Toronto, reduced to 30 per cent. below cost... The labor of 100,000 men, women and children reduced 4 below regular price.

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE MUMPS

Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

at four cents a pound is carried at this rate. Both the letter quoted and the other one refer to boxes. The four-cents-a-pound rate does not refer to goods in boxes, but to "and-so-forth" things in packages. Those who desire to know the price of postage do not need to go to the postmaster here, nor should the postmaster here find it convenient to make sweeping assertions with regard to "incorrect newspaper reports." If goods cannot be sent at four cents a pound from Toronto, then the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT and the executive of many other concerns which have used that rate have been unduly favored. But such a rate is or has been in existence, though it is quite correct to allege that candies and artists' materials packed in boxes are more highly taxed. What was written and is under criticism by Mr. Bosworthierick had reference to the goods shipped by departmental stores. We were not talking about eggs, for, unfortunately, Toronto people can keep hens and that sort of thing right in the town, or get the freshest things near home, and will continue to do so while men are found to advocate such a monopoly as is being created by departmental stores. The four-cents-a-pound package rate and the rule governing it is quoted below, and it was abuses of the regulations which were aimed at:

Bona fide patterns and samples of merchandise, not exceeding 24 ounces in weight, may be sent to any place in Canada at one cent per four ounces. Must be put up so as to admit of inspection. Goods sent in execution of an order, however small the quantity may be, or articles sent by one private individual to another, not being actually trade patterns or samples, are not admissible.

It is the abuse of this that I have been writing against, together with that which allows certain printed things to go at a four-cent-per-pound rate. The latter sort of parcels are seldom examined and everything goes.

That this rule has been abused, no doubt without the knowledge of the Postmaster of Toronto, is likely true. Everything that has been said with regard to the misuse of the postal system by the departmental stores is also true in the past, if it is not in the present, and if the same system is not being pursued it has been changed within a very few weeks. Publicity brings about a certain number of reforms, and probably the Postmaster of Toronto, who lives mostly on a farm near Woodstock, may find that he does not know everything that is going on even in his own office.

Social and Personal.

Many a modish dame and thoughtful business man on the west side is this week full of regret in contemplation of the departure this summer of Rev. Mr. Roper from St. Thomas's church. Everywhere one heard the same story, the hearty appreciation of the man, the teacher and the priest. Mr. Roper must certainly be possessed of extra strong personal magnetism, and qualities of heart and head above the ordinary, to have bound so firmly to himself the affection and devotion of people not apt to be emotional or given to idealism. A faint sound of consolation is heard in a promise of a very fine man as Mr. Roper's successor, but the general note is regret unadulterated and sincere at the loss of their pastor by a very large and enthusiastic congregation of cultured people.

After months of waiting on tenter hooks of uncertainty, St. Andrew's secured their Belfast preacher, who arrived last week in New York. To-morrow week Rev. Mr. McCaughan occupies the pulpit at St. Andrew's, and will doubtless repeat his success as a preacher in Ireland here in the Queen City. St. Andrew's has been through such a long and trying time of waiting, that the best is none too good for a reward of patience long sustained.

Miss Edith Marling, whose bright, pretty face is so welcome in many a bright circle, has been for some time quite ill, and went to Grace Hospital this week suffering from an attack of appendicitis. Everyone hopes she will soon be convalescent.

Miss Appleby of Oakville is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Lewis, in Rosedale.

Several of our young people will spend the summer in England. Among others, Miss Edith Greene is now preparing for this delightful holiday.

The skating season has extended itself well on into spring this year, and every day on which one may enjoy this bracing sport seems so much clear gain after the first of March. There is no question that a great impetus has been given to the pastime by the large and smart *coterie* who have reserved the Victoria Rink on Monday evenings and Thursday afternoons this and last season. The Victoria Skating Club has been a great pleasure to its many supporters, who are just beginning to realize that this swift and graceful sport must shortly give place to their other summer diversion, under the name of the Knickerbocker Bicycle Club. On Monday last a most numerous and sparkling assembly skated at the rink, and I hear in all quarters what a jolly time they had.

At the last practice of the Toronto Philharmonic it was announced that their first concert takes place at Massey Hall, April 29.

Mrs. Hutton of the Queen's Park is enjoying a visit from her brother, Mr. C. C. McCaul.

Mr. B. B. Cronyn has gone to England.

Miss Justina Harrison leaves for Ottawa to-day. Mrs. Harrison is to go down later on.

Miss Edith J. Miller's departure to-day for her home in Winnipeg has been a regret to many warm friends who have been charmed to have her among them during the past season. One evening this week a farewell *soiree musicale* was given to Miss Miller by Miss Tully, at Mrs. Mason's in Spadina road, where these two clever ladies have been *en pension* for the past few months. Excellent music and a congenial artistic circle were the assurance of a lovely evening, which passed only too quickly. On

Tuesday evening Miss Millersang at the service of praise in Westminster church, and was afterwards entertained at supper by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ross. Mrs. Ross, though not yet quite restored to strength, was the usual bright and cordial hostess we have all learned to love, and shows no trace of her severe illness of many weeks.

Mrs. Warren Burton has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Walter Barwick, at her home in St. George street. On Saturday a little dinner was given at the Hunt Club in her honor.

Miss Gussie Hodgins leaves to-day for Ottawa, and is to be the guest of Mrs. Avery, I am told. Mrs. Hodgins is happily quite better and has been in the country this week for a little change.

The ordering of a cycling costume is one of this month's duties, and the consideration of the various fabrics, cuts and colors a question of considerable interest. The Jaeger establishment in King street west has an enviable record from last year for excellent and satisfactory work in this line, and many of our best gowned riders owe their *chic* and comfort to Mrs. Wreyford's clever work. The Wreyford skirt is so well known among smart people that it scarcely needs a mention, and the light porous woollens of which Dr. Jaeger is so great a faddist have been worn and tested for all they are worth. The chances of a chill are reduced to almost nothing when one is clad in the only proper material for cycling garments, and the comfort and safety therein enjoyed are thoroughly appreciated by those bright and intelligent people who agree with that smart writer who says, "It is nearly always a stupidity to be ill!"

Miss Mabel Sewell of Quebec is visiting Mrs. John Gibb of Rosedale.

Mrs. W. Patterson of South Drive, Rosedale, receives on the second and fourth Mondays.

Lady Slavey at the Grand next week bids fair to interest and amuse a large contingent of good people, who find compulsory stagnation not at all to their liking in the six weeks' dust and ashes of the penitential season. A jolly good laugh goes with Lady Slavey.

The death of Rev. John Match, pastor of Chalmers' Presbyterian church, is deeply regretted. He was one of the most popular men in the Toronto Presbytery, possessed of great physical and mental vigor, and his place will be hard to fill. It is said of him that he preached very little on points of doctrine, and a great deal on the practical everyday use of Christianity in the affairs of life.

Mrs. George Warwick of St. George street is entertaining her mother and sister, Mrs. and Miss Murphy of Ottawa, and on Monday gave a young people's progressive for Miss Murphy. Misses Ina Keighley, Phillips, Rogerson, Hamilton, Sauter, Elwood, and Messrs. Rogers, Harbottle, Eber Phillips and Hood were among the merry guests.

Mrs. Charlie Temple and Mrs. Jack Drynan, two new mammas, whose lovely girl and boy are admired by everyone, are welcomed back to such quiet social circles as we are perforce condemned to during Lent.

Hon. Mr. Blair and Miss Blair were in town for a short visit this week.

The short visit of Countess Wachsmeister this week was scarcely sufficiently known to impress many who would have been delighted to have met the almost inspired Swede. I hear, from a charming source, of the Countess's rare intelligence and power, and also of her magnetic influence over all who heard her. It is to be hoped she will come again to Toronto and let her arrival be duly heralded in these columns that many of our readers who are, too late, regretting this lost opportunity, may see and hear her at some future time. I am told that her Monday evening address was most interesting and that her answers to various questions showered upon her were wonderful. She spoke on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday on most absorbing topics largely studied in these days.

I hear that Professor Goldwin Smith did not escape the gripe by a March sojourn in New Jersey. It seems to find its victims everywhere, and daily new names are being added to the list of sufferers.

Mrs. George Allen Case, who has been rather an invalid for some weeks, is now regaining strength, and the balmy spring which we are all impatiently looking for will probably quite restore her.

Mr. Walter Stewart is in Rat Portage, doing quite a good thing in mines. All Watty's many friends wish him success.

Mrs. Newton May of Lakeview avenue gave a progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening, for Miss Burnham of Port Hope, who is visiting Mrs. Alfred Wright. The guest of the evening was gowned in white silk, with tiny bolero of scarlet embroidery, which was vastly *chic*. Mrs. May, who is always sweet and pretty, wore a black dress, with a *fleur de diaphanous* material, trimmed with white *val enciennes*. The first ladies' prize was won by Miss Nicol of Cookstown, and Mr. McCormick was the fortunate gentleman. Miss Charlotte Stammers assisted the hostess, looking unusually well in pale blue. Among the party were: Mrs. Billings, Mrs. Cameron, Misses Strange, Monahan, Palin, W. Palin, Patterson, Linton, Macdonald, Yda Milligan, and Messrs. Ashworth, R. Townley, Deane, McCarthy, Alfred Jones, Claude Macdonell, Fox, Willis, McCormick and Whiteley.

Mr. Bevans Giles of the Bank of Commerce, Montreal, is spending a few days in town on sick leave.

The usual patriotic ebullitions of the Patron Saint of Erin's own devotees were quite swallowed up in the interest of the prize-fight in Carson City. From three o'clock on, Yonge street above King was jammed with the queerest types of humanity on Wednesday, and expectation was evidently concentrated on the bulletin boards of the various newspaper offices. When the thin man was announced the winner, quite a few jaws fell, for a lot of

money was put by the tougher element on the other fellow. I hear a tale of woe from a certain educational seat, that the students were not allowed down town to get the first tidings from the seat of war. And very properly, I am sure, were they so restrained. Boxing is a manly art, as wine is a good drink, but prize-fighting and drunkenness are not to be accepted on that account. It was a sermon in flesh and blood to study the faces on Yonge street at four o'clock on Wednesday; anything but approaching the ideal were their various types.

Professor Young will give a tea in the library, Trinity College, after this afternoon's lecture.

Monday callers heard Mrs. Le Grand Reed singing like a bird in her pretty home in Ontario street.

I had a peep a few days ago at the exquisite presentation silver service given to Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Williams by the employees of the Oshawa factory. The service proper is supplemented by a dainty little five o'clock set of three pieces, and a cabinet of table silver in abundant and infinite variety of articles. Truly a princely gift, carrying a load of good-will.

Miss Sibbets and Miss Clark, who have been visiting Mrs. Lewis Howard, have returned home.

Mrs. George Dunstan gave a charming little evening on Wednesday, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Coutlee, who has previously been staying with her sister, Mrs. Fleming of Huron street.

Hard times may have struck here and there in Toronto, but the ladies who undertook to canvass for subscriptions for the new colors for the Grenadiers found little to remind them of the fact. As I remarked last week, the order might as well have been sent any time to England, for enough, and more than enough, has been easily obtained to meet all expenses. By the way, I wonder how the Assemblies turned out financially? Though their generous promoters desired only that expenses should be covered, it occurred to me that in all probability more than that may have been the reward of their untiring and enthusiastic work as organizers and hosts, and should such be the case, everyone will wish them more and continued social successes.

Among the rising young pianists who are working hard and showing splendid results of careful training is Miss Mabel Hicks, one of Herr Ruth's most promising pupils. With a charming face, dark eyes flashing with talent, and a modest and earnest manner, Miss Hicks gives that pleasure by her playing which promises always greater excellence and advance, and gives earnest of the same by careful and conscientious work at present.

Col. Mason entertained the officers of the Royal Grenadiers at his lovely new home in Queen's Park on Tuesday evening. Everyone was delighted with the reunion, and admiring remarks are being made about the beautiful and elegant home which was the scene of such a jolly affair.

Friday evening the pretty drawing-rooms of Mr. and Mrs. I. Murray Hamilton, 65 Grosvenor street, were a bower of beauty decked with roses and carnations, in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the genial host and hostess. About forty friends had been invited to share in the festivities. The first part of the evening was devoted to progressive euchre, and after two hours spirited playing the fortunate prize-winners were awarded very pretty silver souvenirs. The hostess also presented to each guest a pretty souvenir in the shape of a silver button with dates 1872 and 1897, and monogram. An orchestra discoursed sweet music during refreshments and for the dancing, which was kept up until the "wee sma' hours."

Mr. Eddie Cronyn has returned to Roseland.

The engagement of Mr. W. H. Cawthra and Miss Maude Beatty has been announced.

Mrs. Louis Jordan, the charming wife of the pastor of St. James' square Presbyterian church, gave a small luncheon on Wednesday.

Mrs. W. D. Johnston of Muskogean has been visiting Mrs. J. J. Ray of Spadina avenue for a few days.

Visitors to Trinity College who have stayed for chapel after lectures and teas on Saturdays, have admired a very handsome brass which has been inserted in the chancel wall in memory of Major Charles Jones, who died last March at Constantine, Algiers. Major Jones was a brother of Trinity's registrar, so familiar a figure as the host of Deneside, his College residence.

The most ancient society in Toronto is the St. George's Society, which was established in the year 1855. During the sixty-two years of its existence it has vigilantly looked after the interest of the English poor of the city. The demands upon the coffers of the Society during the past winter have been exceedingly heavy. Cards of invitation are being issued for a grand charity concert at the Horticultural Pavilion on Thursday evening, March 25, when the services of the ladies of Mr. Schuch's Choral Society, who made such a successful debut at the Normal School a fortnight ago, will be placed at the disposal of St. George's Society. The soloists will be: Miss Minnie Gaylord, Miss Frances World, Miss Louisa Craig, Miss Jessie Cochrane, Miss Laura Sturrock, and Miss Marion Chapin. A collection will be taken up in aid of the charitable fund of the society. The patronesses are: Lady Gzowski, Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. Beardmore, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. George Gooderham, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. George T. Denison, Mrs. F. Barlow Cumberland, Mrs. R. W. Elliot, Mrs. Stanway, Mrs. S. H. James, Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. E. A. Welch, Mrs. G. H. Gooderham, and Mrs. George A. Cox.

From the appearance of the subscription list for the Davies-Mills concert, to be given at the Massey Hall on March 30, it will be a brilliant

affair. All the boxes have been taken and Vice-Royalty has promised to honor the concert with their presence if satisfactory arrangements can be made so as not to interfere with the Countess of Aberdeen's visit to Chicago on April 1. Mr. Ben Davies sings all next week in Boston as tenor soloist at the Boston Musical Festival, and comes direct to Toronto. This will be his only appearance in Canada, and those who have not already subscribed should secure seats at once. Mrs. Watkins Mills is already well known here and in himself should fill the hall. In addition, there is a double quartette of well known local talent, who will render some of the best of Moore's Irish melodies.

All sorts of perils come to the intrepid March pedestrians. On Friday a sudden and frightful little blizzard descended on some worthy persons trying to pay a few calls in the exposed region above Bloor and Spadina. One lady was blown off the sidewalk into a common flooded with water, and her grand feather-crowned hat was caught from her head, the hat-pins being snapped fair in half, while the hat sailed majestically across a miniature lake, where no one could do anything but wait until it chose to make for the margin.

The course of Viavi lectures to women on Tuesday afternoons are attracting crowds as usual. These lectures are free and are held in the Confederation Life Building. Next Tuesday the subject will be Our Girls, and the lecture begins at three o'clock.

I hear from Mrs. Herbert Mason, the president of the Toronto Chamber Music Association, that the soprano engaged for the second concert of the course is Miss Elsie Lincoln of Boston, of whom great things are expected. A list of the membership of this association will show how well represented are culture and refinement therein, and will doubtless induce many to wish to join with these ladies to make the association more of a success than ever. The members already registered are: Lady Gzowski, honorary president; Mrs. Herbert Mason, president; Lady Thompson, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. George T. Denison, Mrs. J. MacKenzie Alexander, Mrs. Street, Miss Carty, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. T. G. Blackstock, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. J. H. Plummer, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. Robert Darling, Mrs. A. E. Austin, Mrs. Acton Burrows, Miss Gurney, Mrs. Torrington is the secretary-treasurer. The second concert for this season takes place on Monday evening, April 5. The place chosen for holding this concert is not yet decided upon, and will be announced later. It is the aim of the Toronto Chamber Music Association to so encourage and promote chamber music in Toronto that it will become an established feature of art in our city. The members of this Association hope to have the assistance of all lovers of music in the city, and of all who realize what an educational factor concerts of this kind must be.

Miss Mendels of Montreal, who has been on a lengthy visit to her aunt, Mrs. Lorie Sherbourne street, has returned to her home in the East. During her sojourn in the Queen City she has made a large circle of friends, and will be greatly missed by all who had the pleasure of meeting her.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins has been recently elected a member of the American Historical Association, and an honorary member of the Nova Scotia Historical Society.

Forecasts for the spring and summer bring us the good old *bareges* of our mothers and of some of our grandmothers. Debenham's *bareges* are things of beauty, and are not as often exported as they should be. This summer we shall also have the dear dimities, fresher and most lovely of cool frocks, always coming like new from the laundress. The girls of 1897 are going to look pictures in these old-new fabrics, as you will see!

One hears a great deal of lamenting at the non-rental of dozens of shops down town. Though there is not a demand for shops equal to the supply, there is a very great demand for nice, neat, compact and well finished living flats, where persons occupied during day and evening in the city could live comfortably near their work. The average time spent in the cars by the business man or woman living in the suburbs and having time to go home for luncheon or dinner is about two hours each day. The cars are so crowded at noon and at six o'clock that one cannot read or even plan and think in comfort, therefore the time is practically lost while en route. It is impossible to get convenient and suitable apartments down town. Many reasons render it unpleasant, for the dwellers in flats are not as conventional in many cases as propriety demands. Won't someone clear out a lot of those abject little rookeries and set up a fine, well built apartment block, where small flats of four or five rooms may be rented?

Mr. and Mrs. Macoun entertained a few friends at cards on Monday evening. Among the guests present were: Major and Mrs. Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, the Misses Fitz-Gerald, Miss White of Woodstock, and Messrs. Hulme, Armstrong, Willis, O'Reilly, and others.

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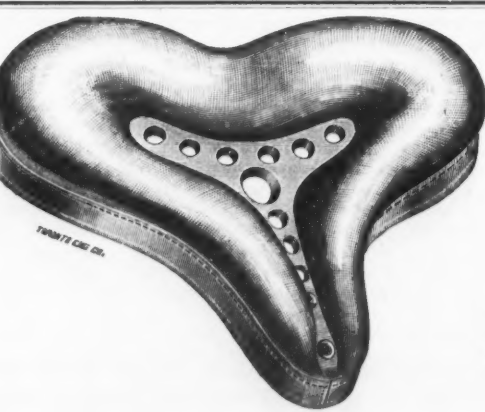
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Social and Personal.

The third of the series of lectures on the English Universities was given by the rector of All Saints' church in Trinity Convocation Hall last Saturday. Various persons had predicted that Mr. Baldwin's lecture would attract the largest audience of the course and prove the most enjoyable. As a matter of fact these prophecies were not fulfilled, the audience being rather smaller and the lecture of quite a different style from its predecessors. Mr. Baldwin gave us an almost distinctly personal experience, and was naturally debarred from the saying of many things which he might have said by the honorable wish not to appropriate the thunder of the lecturer who is to tell the story of Oxford this week. I remarked last week that the Reverend Arthur was capable of anything, but in that remark I had reservations, one of which I withdrew. According to his own confession he has attended a religious service minus certain articles of apparel which Archibald and the proprietors of the world over regard as absolutely indispensable to an *à fresco* appearance. Mr. Baldwin told us a good deal about meals (indeed one's appetite was sated before time was up, and various pleasant "teas" were enjoyed in College); we learned that marmalade is "squish" and milk is "cow" at Oxford; that when a man breakfasts with another man, the substantial of bread, butter and milk are supposed to be provided for oneself by oneself; that the "prayer-grinder" most appreciated is the one who takes least time to rattle off the service; in fact, the impression of Oxford men and their ways given by the lecturer of Saturday was decidedly a matter of putting the worst foot foremost. To-day Professor Edward Cayley will present to us A Son of Oxford, probably in a more serious fashion than that of the lecturer of last week. After Mr. Baldwin's lecture groups of friends took tea with the Provost and Mrs. Welch, Professor Huntingford, Professor Bedford-Jones and Professor and Mrs. Clark. Among the guests of the latter were Miss Hees and her guest, Mrs. Kroh of New York, Miss Featherstonhaugh, Mr. and Mrs. DuPencier, Professor Simpson and several others. One of the beautiful spots which many linger to admire at Trinity is the chapel, where on Saturday the service is somewhat enhanced by a surplined attendance of the men, as is the rule on Sundays, festivals and "eves." Evensong at Trinity chapel is not conducted by a "prayer-grinder," but in an intelligent and reverent manner, and is much appreciated by those who have time to remain therefor after the Saturday lectures.

Mrs. Featherstonhaugh of Cotfield has been laid up for some time with a very severe cold.

The news of the death of Mr. E. Jackson Sanford, son of Hon. Senator Sanford, in the South, where he had gone for his health, caused a tide of sympathy to rise in every friendly heart toward his parents and his bereaved wife and little child. Mr. Sanford was only thirty years old, and had been married for five years. In every walk of life, intellectually, socially, as a man of affairs, an athlete and a sport, he was known, admired, and acknowledged as a leader. Mrs. Sanford, his mother, who so lately graced Osgoode dance and other social festivities here, with a presence at once radiant and elegant, was fortunately able to be with her son at the last. The Senator was quite overcome with the sad news of his son's death, and to both these well known and mourning relatives the sympathy of hundreds goes forth. Mr. Sanford's funeral took place from the family residence.

Mrs. DuPencier is not receiving visitors during March.

Several items, one or two of which got into print, have been sent in to these columns by persons who are either anxious to get themselves into trouble, or are the victims of a disease of stupidity which calls for sympathy, did it not also evoke annoyance in quarters where annoyance should never be given. The items sent in are always carefully preserved, and in case of inaccuracy there has never been the least difficulty in finding who was to blame. Perhaps this remark may serve as a caution to one or two persons, if they only apply it.

Never, during the last decade, has Lent been so universally observed in society, the calm surface being scarcely rippled by a function of any sort. The only important gathering since the season of sackcloth and ashes began, was the birthday party at Lawheaden, of which the date was decided in a total disregard of church observances some twenty-one years ago. I hear of two more birthdays which are to be celebrated in Lent, one next Tuesday evening and one on the Tuesday following.

One of the queer things that bloom in the spring is the Horse Show poster. I wonder what sort of a nightmare our impressionists are enjoying in their preparation for competition therein.

One of the funniest of Lenten diversions was invented by a bright girl in a big city last week, when she and a party of her girl friends were yawning and yearning for something to break the dull season. "Let's have a hat-trimming party," she suggested, and as a languid interest awoke, "for men!" she concluded, and the girls shouted in glee. So they got as many hats as there were girls, and made a circle on the drawing-room floor with cushions, and piled therein a wild and varied assortment of ribbons, aigrettes, feathers, flowers, buckles and pom-poms. They invited their best young men to come and each to bring a thimble, and the young men, all unconscious of their coming woe, presented themselves promptly. The girls at once ordered trimmed hats, and with many a groan and smothered swear the hats were trimmed by the men. But the results were a revelation. One young fellow evolved one of the prettiest of chapeaux, which he tried on his customer with the air of a Bernhard, amid the applause and envy of all the other maidens. "Well, you can do one thing well, anyway," said they, and the man-milliner meekly murmured, "Thanks, awfully!" As a Lenten discipline the affair seems to carry the signs of success, for it took the conceit out of the girls at all events.

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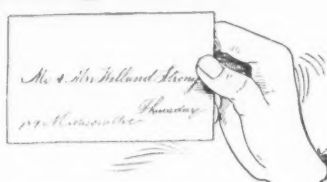
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mend the purchase of a traveler's pocket from the Julian Sale shop in King street west. Speaking from experience, it is a very handy and secure little notion, and the safest possible receptacle for jewelry and small valuables in cash or kind. So many scores of women are going abroad this season that there should be a run on travelers' pockets in more senses than one.

Mrs. Magann of Dowling avenue some short time ago suffered the loss of her father, and we shall not see this piquant and charming little lady in society again this season.

Mrs. Sutherland of Sherbourne street gave a large tea on Thursday last week to a number of her lady friends, who very much enjoyed the reunion. Mrs. Sutherland is one of the bright women of Toronto, full of vitality and thoroughly up to date, and it is always a great pleasure to her friends to pass an hour with her. On Thursday no one did that, for it was but a mere fraction of time which could be given to the many who crowded about their

hostess at meeting and parting hour. The gathering included many well known people, and was a very pleasant one. Mrs. Griffith, sister of Mrs. Sutherland, assisted in receiving, and a party of young ladies were very busy in the tea-rooms, where dainty tables were plentifully served and admirably decorated in pink and yellow respectively.

Three or four small card parties have enlivened the quiet of different localities during the past week, and most of them were simply the informal *coterie* summoned by telephone or casual invitation.

Mrs. Granville Cunningham took her niece, Miss Aileen Dawson, back with her to Montreal last week, in time for the grand carnival at the Victoria Rink, where the graceful little Toronto skater would hold her own with the best of *les jolies patineuses* of the city where skating is so much the mode.

Everyone is sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Edward Fisher's mother, Mrs. Durgan, in Boston. Mrs. Fisher has been most of the winter in attendance on her mother and feels most keenly her bereavement. Mrs. Fisher will be home in about two weeks.

Mrs. A. M. Heustis (nee Hamilton) has gone for a visit to Mrs. Archibald of Methuen, Mass.

On Friday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. W. McKendry of Gifford street entertained a party of friends at a very enjoyable parlor musicale.

Miss Laura M. Moir of Brantford is visiting with Mrs. C. Kirby of Clarence square.

Mr. R. S. Hudson of the Canada Permanent, with wife and daughter, Mrs. Frank J. Stowe, has gone to Clifton Springs Sanitarium for a season of rest and pleasure.

Among the functions of last week unavoidably omitted from our last issue, was the annual dinner of Company "E," Queen's Own Rifles, which took place on Wednesday evening at the Grand Union under most happy and enjoyable circumstances. Quite a number of guests were invited to join Major Mutton and his merry men at the festive board, and as "E" Company pride themselves upon the superior character of their entertainments, an array of talent was engaged to make this year's reunion in every respect equal to that of former years. At the close of a well served dinner, toast, song and sentiment became the order of a jolly evening. The principal toast, The Canadian Militia, found an able respondent in Lieut.-Col. Scoble, who paid a fitting compliment to the efficiency of the Queen's Own, and predicting that possibly ere long it might be necessary to call the services of the Canadian forces into active requisition, opined that the Company at whose festive board they were assembled would render a good account of their loyalty to their Queen and country. Major Heakes, Assistant-Surgeon Palmer, Capt. Kirkpatrick, Major Mead, R. A., and others also acknowledged toasts, and in connection with one of the most patriotic, Mr. C. Leroy Kenny indulged the Company in an eloquent treat by rendering in very fine style a pathetic story of the Civil War. It was long after the hour when "churchyards yawn" that the boys went home to acknowledge that they had spent a most enjoyable time.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Maddox of Parkdale celebrated their silver wedding on Friday evening last, when a great many friends assembled at their residence and enjoyed a pleasant evening.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Gilmour, who have been staying at the Queen's for the winter, left on Wednesday for South Carolina and Old Point Comfort, to remain the spring months.

Mrs. Klingefeld of 494 Huron street will be the hostess of the Polyglot Fortnightly Club this evening.

A very pleasing event took place on Monday evening of this week, the occasion being a progressive euchre party and dance given by Miss Pearl Pringle of Queen street east. Among the invited guests present were: Mr. J. F. Taylor, Mr. Frank Irvin, Mr. M. Woodhouse, Mr. Geo. W. Ferrier, Mr. H. Simmons, Mr. R. Westlake, Mr. J. Stevenson, Mr. Erwin Orton, Mr. D. Inches, Mr. Charles Conley, Mr. J. H. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Woodhouse, Mr. and Mrs. Paul, Mrs. Lindsey, Mrs. Hear, Mrs. Hoogh, Miss Simmons, Miss Orton, Miss Alice Torden, Miss Maggie Ferrier, Miss Hattie Woodhouse, Miss McDonald, Miss Dewart and Miss Stevenson. Miss Pringle received her guests in a charming manner and did all in her power to make all present spend a most enjoyable evening.

"How did Nell Glynn look in her new ball dress?" she asked. "I don't know," he replied; "but the large majority of her that was out of it looked stunning."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"There was a strange man here to see you to-day, papa," said little Ethel, who met her father in the hall as he came home on Wednesday night. "Did he have a bill?" "No, papa. He had just a plain nose."—*Newark Call*.



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and Pastries from Webb's are made by artists who do nothing else, and who, as a matter of course, thoroughly understand their business.

Our New

Catalogue

Gives a complete list of all that is newest and best in Fancy Baking, and should be in the hands of all ladies who entertain. It will be mailed free to those who mention this paper.

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Premature gray hair treated and restored to any color or shade. Colorless and dull hair made bright, soft and glossy. The fashionable color, auburn brown, is the style. Go to

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Well, they loaded the green stuff—all they



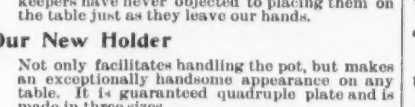
The Duck—Say, boss, isn't it rather early in the
The Rooster—They may be white, but they're n

THE END.

e season for white pants!
ot white duck, you'll notice.

All Grocers.

"How intolerably conceited musicians are, as a rule?" "Oh, well, what can you expect from people who are naturally full of airs?"



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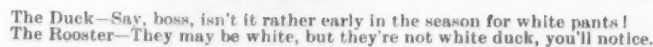
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J. YOUNG

Harper's Weekly.



QUEER CORNER

The answer to the cipher problem of last week is Resumption. How to speak correctly is a puzzle of daily life, and one that is often made difficult by the varied meanings given many words in our ordinary idiomatic English. This diverse use of words is illustrated by this week's puzzle of omitted rhymes:

"On a court-martial once," said Pennant,
"I helped to break a First 000000000."
"Last year," spoke Hazard, "at St. Blank
At *rouge-et-rouge* I broke the 0000."
Ryder declared: "With little force
I lately broke a wild young 00000."
"I can't do that," pleaded Lawson, "still,
I've helped my client break a 0000."
"Then," offered Barr, "when I've the chance,
With you I hope to break a 00000."
"Down on my farm, you understand,"
Clay boasted, "I broke all the 0000."
"You know," spoke Leech, "I'm no deceiver;
Last week I broke a raging 00000."
"I saw a man slip from a wall,"
Claimed Armstrong, "and I broke his 0000."
One owned: "My life has not been checkered,
I never even broke a 000000."
The others cried: "Good gracious, Rytance!
How did you come to break the 000000?"

THE PALACE OF THE POPE.

The Vatican, the palace of the Pope, covers a space of 1,200 feet in length and 1,000 feet in breadth, and is the largest palace in the world. It is in Rome, on the right bank of the River Tiber, and on the Vatican hill, from which it derives its name. Several times it has fallen into decay and been restored. Gradually it has been enriched with great paintings, statues, books, curious medals, gems, frescoes, and antiquities of every description, until it is now the world's richest depository. The museum of statuary is about a mile in length and contains more than seventy thousand statues that have been exhumed from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome. The library of the Vatican is truly a great one. It is exceedingly rich in manuscripts, containing as many as forty thousand. It has about fifty thousand printed volumes and several rich museums of ancient and modern articles.

THE HEAVIEST LOAD.

John Ormiston of Sydenham Township drove into Owen Sound one day last week with a load of logs scaling 3781 feet, composed of three soft elm logs, the first of which went 800 feet, the second 1361 feet, and the third 1620 feet. The load was hauled by a single team, although weighing fully 15 tons. There is a chair offered as a prize to the man bringing the biggest load to a local factory, and so far Mr. Ormiston leads. The prize should not be a chair, but something that a team of horses could eat.

NOTED FOR LONGEVITY.

Margaret Felther, relict of Patrick O'Keefe, died in the township of Drummond two weeks ago at the age of 101. The Felthers are noted for their longevity, and this is the first death in the family since coming to Canada from Ireland sixty-five years ago. A sister, Mrs. Hickey, of Ferguson's Falls is over 80 years of age and is hearty. James Felther of the same place is 78 and strong. William Felther of Ashdad, Renfrew county, a cousin, is a remarkable man, being 97 years of age, weighs 250 lbs. and walks nearly five miles to church every Sunday.

STRUGGLING AFTER KNOWLEDGE.

Here is a sample of the Japanese idea of the geographical location of America and of American traits of character. It was embodied in an English composition written by a student in the Mission College, Nagoya, Japan:

America is west of the earth.
North America is civilization, but South America is almost no civilization.
South America most civilization State Chili and Argentine State.
American nation are very kind and polite, but that nature are just like the cat.
American condition of a country just like Japan, the centre is a great mountain that the focus is Rocky Mountain.
North America Mississippi River or South America Amazon River very great and length of stream. Among them Amazon River is very, very large than another country river. This Amazon River have 4,000 miles in length.
North America most prosperous town say New York. South America Argentine State is Buenos Ayres.

FEARS CLASSIFIED.

It appears from 6,456 kinds of fear described by President G. Stanley Hall in a recent study of the subject, says *The Boston Transcript*, "that thunderstorms are feared most, that reptiles follow, with strangers and darkness as close seconds, while fire, death, domestic animals, disease, wild animals, water, ghosts, insects, rats and mice, robbers, high winds, dream-fears, cats and dogs, cyclones, solitude, drowning, birds, etc., represent decreasing degrees of fearfulness."

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

The missal sent by Leo X. to Henry VIII., together with the parchment conferring upon him the title "Defender of the Faith," was bought a number of years ago for \$50,000 by the German Government. The missal and parchment had been given by Charles II. to the ancestor of the famous Duke of Hamilton, and the library of this nobleman was sold by auction in London, where the Government of Germany bid up the book beyond the reach of all other would-be purchasers.

NATURAL GAS PLAYING OUT.

The natural gas of Ontario seems to show signs of exhaustion. In Essex county this is not so noticeable, because the supply has only recently been put to severe tests. But the Welland gas fields, according to the report issued by the Dominion Geological Department, will in a few years be exhausted. In support of this opinion mention may be made of the Provincial Company's well No. 63, drilled in 1893, which yielded, when the gas was struck, a flow of more than 10,000,000 cubic feet per day. The flow from this well has now decreased to such an extent that it does not produce 400,000 feet in the same time, although it has in the interval been several times fed from the other wells.

SOME INDIAN NAMES.

Attention is called in the Owen Sound Times to the absurd names found in the annual report on Indian Affairs. The noble red man seems to have a penchant for calling himself and his neighbors by the most ridiculous, if frequently appropriate, words. Following are a few of these delightful cognomens selected at random from the annual report just issued: Jacob

Tobacco Juice, Peter O'Soup, She-Sheep, Yellow Head, Long Neck, One Arrow, Beady, Maggie White Cap, Blue Quill, Horse Thief, Red Crow, Doghead, Little Crane, Mrs. Big Snake, Mary Baldhead, Baptist Little Wolf, Yellow Dirt, Shortlegs, Sharphead, Old-Woman-at-War, Heavy Head, Running Crane, Bobtailed Chief, White Bull, Take-enemies-arms.

AN OLD WATCH.

Fred Leach received a very ancient time-piece into his shop to be cleaned this week, says the *Neepawa Register*. The watch was an old English Verge, No. 807. The most remarkable feature about it was that it was found to be in good running order after its service of 71 years. The last date upon which it was fixed is written in the case of the watch, bearing the date of April, 1826, and the name of the repairer W. H. Forster. The watch is the property of Mr. Hudson.

AN ASTONISHMENT.

The *Evening News* states that an item in this paper last week was cruel. The fact that the *News* should take this paper to task for printing an "unfeeling" item is so stranger an occurrence that we put it in Queer Corner.

A Puzzle for the Count.

Pick Me Up.



"Have you heard, Count, how Mr. Jones has his arm taken off?"
"No, mees ees it possible?"
"Yes," he put his arm round Cissie's waist last night, and, of course, she took it off at once."

The Dignity of Labor.

A Sketch that Opens Up a Vista of Thought.

The Arena.

HE was breaking stones on the highway. There was nothing about his appearance to distinguish him from the other men of the gang in which he was working. He wore a pair of trousers of no particular color, very much worn and ragged about the heels, where the tatters hung over his broken, cheap shoes. His shirt was of red flannel, open at the neck, where a button was missing, showing a triangular patch of sunburnt, hairy chest. There was a week's growth of stubble on his chin. His mouth was vague and irresolute. His nose was not classic. His eyes were set close together, and there was no speculation in them as he raised his head, now and then, to answer a comrade or to rest a moment from his stone breaking. It was very hot. The mellow sunshine of California's November beat full upon his back, and the sweat dripped from his matted hair, and from the ends of his rough moustache as he toiled, stooping over, breaking stones on the road.

He did not consider his work particularly hard. He was used to it. When he stood upright the inelastic muscles of neck and shoulders still kept their stoop. He could not possibly make a straight back, but it was not hard to stoop. He did not often try to straighten up. The change from the stooping posture made him a little dizzy.

Now and then his hammer struck fire on a stone, and the peculiar, half gruesome odor of flint against steel assailed his nostrils, but the spark did not fire his imagination. He was used to it. He was not thinking of anything in particular. His brain, like his back, was a little muscle-bound. He did not talk much, either. He said "thank'ee," when a mate proffered him a chew of tobacco, and once, when a fragment of stone rebounded and struck his hand, he swore, but for the most part he kept quietly and steadily at his work, breaking stones on the road. His breakfast that morning had been bread and coffee. In his dinner-pail, stowed yonder behind some lumber, was his noonday meal—more coffee, more bread and two potatoes, with a little paper of salt wherewith to season them. His wife was charwoman for a business block. They had five children. He made a dollar and a half a day, breaking stones on the road.

A millionaire was driven by in his carriage, behind a team of high-stepping bays. His correct coachman handled the reins like a very Jehu; only he did not drive furiously, for the millionaire was taking his friend, the poet, out for an airing, and they were admiring the scenery. They stopped where the man was breaking stones, and gazed at the varying landscape, the green hills, the beautiful bay, the wonderful coloring. The man stepped aside to make way for them, and stood regarding them, unexpectantly. He did not flinch nor cast down his eyes before the millionaire's gaze. He was not thinking particularly about the rich man. He was looking at him. So, a short time before, he had watched a steer being led by to the shambles. The millionaire noticed him. "I am impressed," he said, "whenever I observe it, by the spectacle of toil! How it dignifies a man! Notice that laborer, now. He stands there in the simple dignity of his honest labor, watching us, neither groveling nor cringing, merely observing us, as one man may observe another. I like to see that independent spirit. It argues well for the permanency of our institutions. After all, say what we will, it is not money but labor that counts in this

world. I sometimes think it would be worth the loss of the millions gained by anxious thought and the wear and tear of brain and nerve tissue, to know the pure luxury of breaking stones on the road; to stand in my birth-right of simple manhood and the dignity of labor and know the sweets of honest toil."

"How many hours do you work, my man?" he asked the laborer.

"Ten," the man replied.

"Think of it!" the millionaire exclaimed as they drove on. "What would I do with fourteen hours' respite from the day's cares and responsibilities? In very truth, I would rather be the man who helps make the road, than he who is merely driven over it!"

"I wonder," said the poet very slowly, "I wonder how the man who helps make the road would feel, to be driven over it!"

The millionaire and the poet passed from view. The man went on breaking stones on the road. He did not straighten up again, even when another elegant equipage passed him. It made his head swim so queerly, and the air got so black when he did so. He dropped his hammer, and bent his back still lower to pick it up. He was growing clumsy at his work. He made some slight mismove. He meant to strike in the center of the big stone, but instead his hammer grazed the edge. A great splinter of stone flew up and struck him on the temple. The air grew black about him, and he fell forward upon the stones he had been breaking.

They rang up the patrol wagon. He was lifted into it and stretched along the floor. A police officer sat on the seat beside him and another stood on the steps at the end of the wagon. They met the millionaire and the poet returning from their drive. The poet looked away. The millionaire shuddered. "Some drunken fellow, I presume," was his comment. And then he said, anxiously, "How are we to do any good in the world? One longs to help one's fellows, but idleness and drunkenness are the bane of the poor." ADELINE KNAPP.

A Disconcerting Reception.

IN a Connecticut River town some years ago, there lived a rather eccentric genius by the name of Cyrus, or, as he was more commonly called, "Cy" Hurd. He afterward went west and engaged in mining speculation, becoming as well known in that part of the country as he was in his eastern home. On one occasion he stayed over Sunday in a little mining town, and decided to go to church, a rare performance on his part. He was a man of striking personal appearance, large and portly, and on this occasion took unusual pains with his toilet, and, like many other people, was consequently late in entering the sacred edifice. The usher seated him near the front, and all eyes were turned upon him as he marched slowly up the aisle. The clergyman had begun his discourse before the entrance of his distinguished hearer. Fancy, if you can, the feelings of the astonished Cyrus and of the congregation when, as soon as the slight commotion caused by his entrance had subsided, the preacher said impressively: "And there will be no sign heard in Heaven." Poor "Cy" Hurd thought this was rather a damper on his religious aspirations, but it is not recorded whether it entirely stifled them.

"Plugging Out."

The Louisville Times seems to have found a relative of the city girl who thought it must be cold work harvesting the winter wheat.

The young woman of whom the Times has heard belongs in the West, and was lately talking with a Kentuckian about tobacco and tobacco-raising.

"I should like ever so much to see a tobacco field," she said, "especially when it is just plugging out."

Judge Sewall's Humiliation.

The custom of performing penance in public by humiliation in church, either through significant action, position or confession, was not peculiar to the Presbyterian and Puritan churches, says *Youth's Companion*, but is as old as the Church of Rome. All ranks and conditions of men shared in this humiliation. An English king, Henry II., a German emperor, Henry IV., the famous Duchess of Gloucester, and Jane Shore are noted examples. Doing public penance in this way was common throughout the American colonies, says Mrs. Earle in *Curious Punishments of Bygone Days*.

The most striking and noble figure to suffer public penance in American history was Judge Samuel Sewall. He was one of the board of magistrates who sat in judgment at the famous witchcraft trials in Salem and Boston in the first century of New England life. Through his persecution and by his sentence, many innocent lives were sacrificed.

Judge Sewall was a steadfast Christian, a man deeply introspective, absolutely upright, and painfully conscientious. As years passed

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TEA

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From Grocers

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Lead Packages.

by, and all superstitious excitement was dead, many of the so-called victims confessed their fraud, and in the light of these confessions, and with calmer judgment, and years of unshrinking thought, Judge Sewall became convinced that his decisions had been unjust, his condemnation cruel, and his sentences appallingly awful.

Though his public confession and recantation was bitterly opposed by his fellow-judge, Stoughton, he sent to his minister a written confession of his misjudgment, his remorse, his sorrow. It was read aloud at the Sabbath service in the Boston church while the white-haired judge stood in the face of the whole congregation with bowed head and aching heart.

For his self-abnegation he has been honored in story and verse; honored more in his time of penance than in the many positions of trust and dignity bestowed on him by his fellow-citizens.

Sayings of the Children.

Willie—Mamma, what does "blood" relations mean? Mamma—It means near relations, Willie. Willie (after a thoughtful pause)—Then, mamma, you and papa must be the bloodiest relations I've got.

A mother trying to get her little daughter of three years old to go to sleep one night, said: "Dora, why don't you try to go to sleep?" "I am trying," she replied. "But you haven't shut your eyes." "Well, can't help it; dey comes unbuttoned."

Sweet little Meg came into her Sunday school class one morning, her eyes filled with tears, and looking up into her teacher's face, said: "Our dog's dead, and I guess the angels were scared when they saw him coming up the path, for he's awfully cross to strangers."

A little girl going to church with her mother one Sunday saw some men working on the street car tracks. "See those men breaking the Sabbath," said her mother, thinking to suggest a moral lesson. The little girl watched them gravely. Then she looked up in her mother's face and said: "And can't God mend it?"

Experience Has Proved It.

A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of pulmonary consumption, but by its continued use health and vigor could be fully restored.

"Here is a joke about an electric shock," said the humorist. "Put it under the head of 'Current Fun,'" replied the editor.

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IN BICYCLES AND
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Dresses died, \$2.50 and \$3.00; this week, \$1.50.
Men's Suits died, \$2.00; this week, \$1.50. Over-
coats dyed or cleaned, \$1.75 this week.

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EDMUNDE SHEPPARD - Editor

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THE
DRAMA

A RAILROAD TICKET with Mr. Louis Wesley back in his original role of Chips, played to large audiences this week at the Toronto Opera House. There is a spirit of recklessness and abandon about a farce-comedy which just exactly fills the bill for those who come to a show prepared to laugh at every point, whether they see it or not, and to ignore anything that doesn't please them. And when a farce-comedy contains singing and can be called a "musical farce-comedy," then the average, unfrilled man can relapse into a state of perfect rapture, which is only broken into by important, business engagements between the acts. There is something inspiring in a sedate, fashionably dressed lady in a drawing-room, having been invited by the hostess to sing something, suddenly at a crash from the orchestra bursting into a Bowery song and doing a skirt dance between the verses. And if at this juncture the host appears in the parlor with a bass drum, and a baritone tramp, a tenor policeman and a bass pawn-broker or somebody can be introduced by the French window to stand in the semi-circle and complete the harmony of the chorus, the average man is tickled to death with delight. A Railroad Ticket is a great favorite with the Average Man. He gets everything on the musical farce-comedy menu—singing, dancing, gags, pretty girls with pretty ankles, specialties of various kinds, and gymnastics of the sort where a youth falls on his face and so nearly flattens his nose that you can't tell the difference till he steps forward to the footlights to bow to the applause. In fact, he gets everything but a plot, but a plot of course is not on a farce-comedy menu.

The first act introduces a very clever, mirth-provoking flight of steps which can be turned into a combination of toboggan slide and coal chute with or without a moment's notice. Several entertaining turns are done down these steps, and these, together with an unusual number of songs and choruses, the antics of Chips and the Rain-maker, make this act the strongest of the three. Miss Marie Stewart gives some good imitations of Yvette Guilbert and Jarbeau, and goes them one better, or rather farther, in the manipulation of her petticoats. Miss Eva Randolph, who as Mrs. J. H. Clasher does very well, is, if I mistake not, late of the lamented My Friend from India company. There was one thing about Mr. Clasher, the rain-maker, that I thought very ungrateful of him. When the committee on the rain machine visit him they offer, as the only means in their power, to show their gratitude for his kindness—just how he had been kind didn't appear—by a "little music." No sooner do they begin than Mr. Clasher retires. Perhaps he was overcome by the discovery that the committee he supposed to be scientists were a traveling quartette in disguise.

In the third act two ethereal young things sing a song about "running and jumping into some shady bowers," with the accent on the "jumping." These are the only words I could make out, except that the person referred to was "a nice little, tight little, quaint and petite little chorus girl"—or words to that effect. The Average Man doesn't care if he can't understand it all, however, and he encored them heartily, as he did everything else in A Railroad Ticket.

Mr. Sutton Vane should have a partner in his thriving business of play-making. That he has not a partner may be due to the fact that it is hard to get one with the necessary qualifications. What Mr. Vane needs is a partner who can create characters, who can see, feel and depict the motives of action; one who can build up a plot independently of the traditions of melodrama; one who possesses humor, penetration of mind, and deftness of literary touch, an imaginative and romantic cast of intellect. With such a partner, skilful in the art of play-making, Mr. Sutton Vane would have a great future. He could sign his euphonious name to the plays written by the firm, and he might render valuable assistance to his silent partner in suggesting and arranging shipwrecks, cavalry charges, explosions, and other triumphs of stage carpentry.

Mr. Sutton Vane, in Humanity or For England, shows clearly that he requires a partner. He has a lot of good material in that play, but he fails to treat it with skill. The first two acts are crowded with situations reminiscent of all the melodramas we have ever seen. There is the girl who was wronged by the villain; the hero is suspected; hero doesn't

know this, goes to the girl, leaves \$50 on table with his name on it; girl's father finds it, goes forth to find hero; villain and girl are overheard by the father; father attacks him and is killed calling hero's name; hero's mother hears the whole thing, and being blind thinks it is hero who is doing murder; funny man has, however, witnessed the whole thing; but he doesn't tell police for fear he'll be kept as a witness, etc., etc., and so on. There is no earthly reason why such twaddle as this should be in every melodrama. I think I could name six newspaper men in Toronto who could take the book of Humanity or For England, by Mr. Sutton Vane, and in two days recast it with all these trite characters and situations cut out and replaced by others quite as dramatic and not so shop-worn. I do not think it immodest to say that I would undertake the task myself for a suitable fee. Unless melodramas improve very much in the near future, I shall go the length of writing one myself.

The play, however, has material in it. Those who like dogs and horses find much to admire in the piece. The horses used in the combat between Bevis Cranbourne and the Boer show stage experience and love for their art. They possess animal magnetism and constrain the attention of the audience. There is War in the play, too—red coats, guns, swords and British cheers. It goes—this stage patriotism.

Joseph Grismer makes a very good hero. He does not rant as many others would, and, at times, with the assistance of others, does some good acting. Phoebe Davies plays her part competently. The last three acts rank as good melodrama, and, in fact, the whole piece is notable because of its nearness to something extra good. It only misses it by a little.

Mr. Hardee Kirkland as Major Dangerfield is the villain of the play. He is physically superb, and I remember on one occasion seeing him baited, on a local stage, by a whipper-snapper hero, and the effect struck me as ludicrous. The little but loud-voiced hero minced up to the big villain, and the latter said, "What would you do?" "If you raise a finger against that child," cried the hero, "I'll break every bone in your vile carcass." The house burst into applause. Mr. Kirkland had to stick to his lines and pretend that he was frightened. He deserved a big salary for putting up with that bluff every night during the season.

In our letter from London a couple of weeks ago our correspondent outlined Wilson Barrett's new drama, The Daughters of Babylon, which, like The Sign of the Cross, finds favor with the very general public. I find in *Pick-Me-Up*, the racy London comic paper, a pen sketch of Mr. Franklin McLeay as Jediah,



Mr. Franklin McLeay as Jediah.

Judge of Israel, in the new play The Daughters of Babylon, and reproduce it here for the benefit of the host of admirers of the Canadian actor. Jediah is the plot-hatching villain of the play, and Mr. McLeay is winning great praise for the excellent work he is doing in the part. It is not likely that we shall soon see Wilson Barrett and his company in Toronto, as he has, after much trouble, managed to regain public attention in London.

"If that elephant don't let those mice alone, he must take his trunk and get out," and "Is it true, Harold, that you were refused at the morgue?" are the catch lines of a poster which announce the coming to the Toronto Opera House next week of Ward and Vokes. These comedians stand alone in their grotesque line of comedy. There have been many imitations of the genus "hobo," but none so creative of real side-splitting fun as Ward and Vokes. They have always been a ruddy and a high-class company of farce-comedy people, and they have never placed any limitations on the productive ability of their support; the consequence has always been an entertainment which fairly hums with good things in the musical farce line. Toronto people know Ward and Vokes very well, and no two fun-makers of recent years stand so high in popular favor. They have never yet visited Toronto without presenting an entirely new line of absurd jokes, which have afterwards come back to us time and again with other companies. They create nearly all their own gags. As they are billed right through to San Francisco to make their first appearance on the Pacific Coast, their manager has surrounded the two comedians with a better support than they have ever had. Speaking for myself, I am not afraid to risk my reputation by advising those who like fun and eccentric wit, to turn out to see Ward and Vokes do

FITZSIMMONS.



CORBETT.



Q.—Why is the man looking at his hand? A.—The man is not looking at his hand, he is going to hit the other picture. Q.—What is he going to hit him for? A.—He is going to hit him for \$20,000, but the other man will turn and hit, too. Q.—What good will the fight do? A.—Well, it'll settle the point—say, are you from Mars? Don't you know nothing scarcely about anything at all? Q.—But why should such pictures appear in SATURDAY NIGHT—that's what I want to know. A.—Because these are the two greatest men in all the world—everybody talks about them—the telegraph wires have carried three million words about them to Toronto in the past two weeks—every paper has been full of it, and SATURDAY NIGHT wants to point a moral. Q.—What is the moral? A.—I don't know exactly. Perhaps it wants to hint that if the people who profess to abhor brutality would really hold it in aversion there would be less of it. Perhaps it would like those who have not read any of the news from Carson before or after the fight to hold up their hands and it will present each person with a diamond ring. I don't know, but perhaps that is it. Q.—Has it a carload of diamond rings? A.—No, but it doesn't need any to make such an offer. Q.—What, not for clergymen? A.—No. Clergymen have read the stuff to extract morals from it—ladies have read it to see what the nasty pugilists were saying—solid citizens have read it to see "what the world is coming to, anyway." Q.—Well, what's going to be done about it? A.—SATURDAY NIGHT will probably get out a great colored supplement next time there is a prize-fight. The times demand it—on moral grounds, you know, on lofty moral grounds, and in order to show how brutal and blameworthy prize-fights are. Nobody really believes in prize-fights any more—everybody goes crazy over them just because they want to see how wicked they are and how necessary it is to frown them down. Q.—I see. It's not a bad humbug by any means, is it?

their ludicrous turns as Percy and Harold, the tramps who palm themselves off as noblemen.

The extraordinary popularity of Sir Henry Irving was well shown a couple of weeks ago when he reappeared at the Lyceum Theater in Richard III., after an enforced absence of some weeks owing to the accident to his knee. He was recalled five times after each act. I see by the *St. James' Budget* that Sir Henry wins much praise for his loveliness scene with Lady Anne, it being done with an artfulness of which he was not altogether suspected. In another paragraph I have referred to the fact that Franklin McLeay is playing Jediah in Wilson Barrett's new drama, and it may be pointed out that Miss Julia Arthur, a Canadian girl, plays the part of Lady Anne to Sir Henry Irving's Richard III. Perhaps some day we may get up a jubilee and have a company of Canadian artists invited home from London and New York, to make a tour of the leading Canadian cities.

Heralded by its triumph in the New York Casino, which has not been equalled since the great success of Erminie, to say nothing of the year's career in the Avenue theater, London, The Lady Slavey will be seen at the Grand Opera House next Monday evening, with all the clever people, melodious music, dashing girls and beautiful dresses that marked its career both in London and New York. The piece is full of clever people, abounding in such names as Dan Daly, Charles H. Danby, Charles Kirke, Richard Carle, La Petite Adelaide, Marie Cahill, Annie Buckley, Zulette Rodney and others. The dialogue is spoken of as bright, and the New York critics agree that there are many strokes of genuine wit in the piece. From all accounts, Mr. Gustave Kerker overhauled the music and has written a very good score, his ballads, choruses and duets being spoken of as tuneful, popular and really meritorious. The production will run at the Grand for three nights and a Wednesday matinee.

A troupe of wandering musicians were playing before a Swiss hotel. At the end of the performance one of the members left the group, approached the leader of the band, and pulled out a little paper box, which he emptied into his left hand, while the eyes of the leader followed every movement. He then took a plate in his right hand, passed it round, and a large sum was collected, everyone meanwhile wondering what he held in his left hand. "Why, it's very simple," said the leader, when questioned. "We are all subject to temptation, and to be sure of the fidelity of our collector, he has to hold five flies in his left hand, and we count these first when he returns, to make sure of the money."

The dramatic department of the Conservatory School of Elocution, which consists of advanced pupils giving special attention to stage technique and acting, will close the year's study with three performances in the Princess Theater, May 7 and 8. The first performance will consist of Banim's celebrated play, *Damon and Pythias*, to be given under the auspices of Toronto Lodge, No. 30, Knights of Pythias. The Saturday performances will consist of the Colleen Bawn, and a society comedy yet to be announced. As the performances are to be under the personal direction of Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., a series of artistic and highly satisfactory performances may be expected, judging by his past successes in the *Antigone*, *Electra*, and *Macbeth* productions.

In a provincial theater, where *Macbeth* was being recently played by a clever actor, who was also a great favorite with his audience, in the banquet scene he had delivered his words to the ghost of Banquo. "Hence, horrible shadow, hence," when he dropped on his knee, covered his face with his robe and shuddered convulsively. Just as the applause was over, a youth in the gallery, carried away with the intensity of the acting, cried out to him, "It's all right now, Crayge; he's gone!"

Charles Guyer, the acrobatic comedian, who attracted everyone's attention by his clever work in the part of Pierrot in Hanlon's big spectacular production of *Superba* for the past

two seasons, will play Bow Legs, the bartender and office boy, in Ward & Vokes' show, *A Run on the Bank*, at the Toronto Opera House next week.

An enterprising Parisian playwright seized upon the recently published correspondence of George Sands and Alfred de Musset, which has created such a scandal in Paris, as a pretext for writing a play with the famous couple as the leading characters. It was called *A Night in Venice*, and was all ready for production when the police, instigated by the descendants of the two literary celebrities, prohibited the performance.

Maurice Barrymore was once in London with a new piece which he was anxious to have produced. He had read it to a manager and it had been decided that he was to play the leading role. About a week after it was supposed to have been definitely settled, "Barry" received a note from the manager saying: "I like the piece, old fellow, but I don't see how I can use you in the cast. Your beastly American dialect won't do at all, you know. They won't have it." "Well, that's strange," said Barrymore; "they told me on the other side that they wouldn't have me on account of my beastly English dialect. What am I to do; give recitations on the transatlantic steamers?"

Paul Caseneuve, who played D'Artagnan in *The Three Guardsmen* at the Toronto Opera House some time ago, has been appearing in the same role at Murray Hill Theater in New York, and has attracted much attention as claimant for the place vacated by the untimely death of Salvini, Jr. He certainly plays the part well, and if supported by as good a company and stage accessories might soon win as much favor as did Salvini. Indeed, when he was here, some considered his portrayal of the part fully up to the other and more famous D'Artagnan.

Seasonable Advice.

For Saturday Night.

A pullet felt puzzled in Lent,
When info'm't that a spring poet spent
Good dimes sending sonnets he wrote
To publishing houses of note.

And straightway to give him advice
She mention'd "eggsactly" the price
That wholesale provisioners pay
For the hen's fresh, original "lay."
—ERNEST E. LEIGH.

The Drum Beat of England.

The grandest proposal that we have yet heard for the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, says a Quebec paper, is the suggestion of a citizen of Montreal, whose name will be connected with it if it is adopted. It is practically the putting of Daniel Webster's sublime Drum Beat of England into actuality by having all the Queen's subjects, wheresoever they are, at high noon on that day take off their hats and sing God Save the Queen, and having all organs and bands of music play it. Thus, from Victoria, in Australia, around the world to Victoria, in British Columbia, there would flow for twenty-four hours a ceaseless song of praise, one meridian taking it up as another dropped it.

Brown—Why do they call the bicycle "the silent steed"? Smith—The horse isn't saying a word, is he?—Puck.

He—I love you better than my life. She—Considering the life you lead, I can not say that I am surprised.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Are you the new girl?" asked Mr. Wheeler, coming down to breakfast. "Yes, sir," replied the maid. "What make of wheel do you ride?"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

He—Do you think your father would offer me personal violence if I were to ask him for you? She—No, but I think he will if you don't pretty soon.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

She—Did you have any trouble in getting papa to listen to you? He—Not a bit. I began by telling him I knew of a plan whereby he could save money.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

It's a shame," cried the young wife; "not a thing in the house fit to eat. I'm going right home to papa!" "If you don't mind dear," said the husband, reaching for his hat, "I'll go with you."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

SPORTING COMMENT

As hockey is now practically over it might perhaps not be altogether out of place to make a few remarks in regard to the general play, etc., of the past season. At their last annual meeting the O.H.A. formed an Intermediate Series with the object of providing competition for teams that were too strong for junior, and yet hardly strong enough for senior ranks. It cannot be said that this innovation has met with great success; indeed, as a whole, I find hockeyists look upon it with a certain amount of disfavor. The principal objection is that where clubs enter two teams, viz., Senior and Intermediate, all the energy is spent in developing the former and the latter is practically looked upon as a second team. This state of affairs is not in the interests of the game, and to remedy the same a rule should be adopted to the effect that no club should be allowed to enter teams in more than one series unless there are good grounds for supposing that each team entered will be reasonably strong. This year several of the Intermediate teams were forced to default owing to lack of playing material. Trinity, Osgoode Hall and Stratford were hardly strong enough for the Senior Series, and if these teams, together with the Wellingtons, enter in the Intermediate Series next year, the competition in that class should be very keen. Berlin and the Frontenacs of Kingston, who met in the finals, were superior to several of the senior teams, and I understand it is the intention of the former club to enter a team in the Senior Series next year.

The quality of hockey displayed in Senior O. H. A. games this season was somewhat disappointing, there being little, if any, improvement over previous years. Queen's, Peterboro', T.A.C. and Varsity competed in the semifinals, and in point of strength the teams run in about the order named. Varsity certainly defeated T.A.C., but the games were very closely contested, the former being ahead but one point in each. To offset this is their defeat by Commerce, which justifies me in placing them at the bottom of the list. Queen's team is no better than last year, if so good, as it was beaten by Peterboro' and tied by Varsity. In the season of 1896 Queen's did not meet with one single reverse. Peterboro' was fairly strong, and it is unfortunate that they defaulted the return game with Queen's, as it leaves a doubt as to which is the best team. The Peterboro' team which defeated Queen's was certainly stronger than the Varsity seven that tied them, and it looks, on paper at least, as if Peterboro' would have won the Senior O. H. A. championship had they played the return match with Queen's. T.A.C. had some good material, but their want of success is directly attributable to lack of practice. No team can afford to play men solely on their reputation, and an ordinary team in good condition is more to be desired than a lot of stars who practice only when it suits their convenience.

The Junior Series showed a marked improvement over previous years, Wellingtons, Victorias of Guelph, Peterboro' and U.C.C. all playing first-class hockey, and the forwards of the first named team have a combination which is not excelled by any club in the O. H. A., with the possible exception of Queen's and Frontenacs.

The playing of the Bank League teams was somewhat better than in the past, but still leaves much to be desired. Commerce had the best team ever entered in the League, and besides winning the championship, also hold the City Championship, having defeated Varsity in a contest for the title.

The match for the Intermediate Championship of Canada, played between the intermediate champions of Ontario and Quebec, Berlin and Montreal II., did not result as favorably as players in Ontario could have wished. Hockey is comparatively new in Berlin whereas Montreal is the cradle of the game.

The Parkdale and Toronto Junction cricket clubs have organized for the season, and very soon all the cricket clubs will be making ready. This is always a convincing sign of spring. When Mr. Brewer dusts his Butterflies and brings them out the season will be officially opened.

A New Yorker who has spent time and money in developing carrier pigeons, and may be called Jones for short (says the *Sun*), was boasting at his club one night of the great flights that his pigeons had made, when Brown said: "I'll bet you the best dinner the club can furnish for everyone present that you haven't got a pigeon that can fly from Philadelphia to New York." "It will be simply robbery," said Jones, "but I'll take your bet." Brown stipulated that he should carry the pigeon to Philadelphia himself, and he did. Before releasing the bird he clipped his wings, and then he returned to New York by a slow train. "Well, I released your pigeon in Philadelphia this morning," he said to Jones that night at the club; "has he returned yet?" "Not yet," said Jones. The next day Brown again asked Jones about the bird, and when Jones admitted that his pigeon had not come back, claimed the bet. The owner of the pigeon said that he wouldn't admit defeat. The pigeon didn't show up on the second day; but on the third day, when Brown asked jeeringly: "Isn't it about time for that supper? I don't suppose your pigeon has returned," Jones replied promptly: "Yes, he has; but—er—well, his feet are very sore." Brown paid the bet.

My prophetic soul informs me that next autumn (before the theatrical season opens) the two pugilists, Corbett and Fitzsimmons, will meet again in Nevada, under their joint manager, Mr. Stuart, that the betting will be even, the attendance enormous, and Corbett the winner.

Walker—They say that Napoleon was so self-possessed that not even the sound of a pistol fired close to his ear could make him start. Wheeler—He wouldn't have stood much show in a bicycle race.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

The Grand Opera Season in New York.

A Retrospect.

HERE is a cessation in the flow of operatic events in this city. On Saturday afternoon, February 20, New Yorkers bade a reluctant farewell to the Grand Opera Company in general and to Jean de Reszke in particular. The German opera season began on Monday evening, March 8. I have never seen any audience so enthusiastic over an artist as that which witnessed the great Polish tenor's final appearance in Siegfried. It was more like an Italian assembly than an American one; they waved their handkerchiefs, they applauded, they threw flowers on the stage, they called the singer before the curtain so many times that we lost count altogether. At last it was evident that the groups of people standing around the orchestra or in the galleries would not leave the house till something happened, and then it was that Jean de Reszke spoke. There was a tremor in his voice, there was true fervor in his words; this great artist was touched. "I am sorry to leave you," he said in foreign accents. "I thank you from my heart for your kindness. I hope soon to return." That was all, but the truly American love for a speech was satisfied; the audience were ready to leave for home; the matinee girl sighed, and the lights were lowered.

In a short account it is impossible to write intelligently of all the operas which have been given during the past season; perhaps it will be better to speak of those performances which have particularly impressed us.

A more suitable work than Siegfried could not have been chosen for the farewell matinee. It has been very popular since Melba and the De Reszke brothers made their initial appearance in it on December 30, 1896. In listening to it for a second time we felt that there was "a minor in the carol and a shadow in the light," for two changes had been made in the original cast. Melba was compelled to return to France for a rest, and Castelnary's deep-toned voice, which sang the part of Fafner, had been silenced forever.

There was something unusually pathetic in connection with this singer's death, which occurred at the end of the second act of Martha on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, and the people thronged to the little French church on Twenty-third street to hear his requiem sung. There the violets from Calvé, the laurel wreaths from the De Reszkes, the tulips and lilacs from Lassalle, the white roses and lilies of the valley from Bauermeister, more roses from Nordica and a floral tribute from Melba across the sea, testified, as they sent out their sweet odor, how this singer was esteemed by his brother and sister artists. But to return to Siegfried: As we compared Litoine's voice as Brünnhilde with that of Melba, we thought, "What a falling off was there!" And yet the former singer is acknowledged by all to be a far more adequate exponent of Wagner than the latter. As a leading critic in this city wrote of Melba's first appearance in Wagnerian opera, "Let her keep to those other roles where she is 'queen, lily and rose in one.'"

It is with mingled feelings that we recall Tristan and Isolde, another of this season's German opera revivals, with Jean de Reszke and Litoine in the title roles, and Bispham as Kurvenal. Again Seidl's orchestra whispered in sweetest tones, or rang out, fairly swaying the air in its resounding grandeur. The orchestral part of this opera abounds in the most exquisite melodies, and the duet in the second act fills the hearer with contentment. The ill-fated lovers sing, "O Sink'herieder, Nacht der Liebe." They rival each other in matchless strains and the orchestra imitates them. To the philosophy of this duet the critics may object, but never to the music. In the final scene, where Tristan, as unfortunate in his love affairs as Schiller's Don Carlos, lies wounded and dying, Jean de Reszke rises to the very height of his genius. His voice is at first feeble, a whisper almost, and yet audible in the remotest parts of the house. Upon hearing of the approach of Isolde he becomes excited. "Isolde lebt und wacht!" he exclaims; he does not need to sing, his acting portrays so much. "Das schiff, das schiff," he cries; he clutches at his wounded breast; he rises; he totters; she comes; he sees her; he sinks down; he dies! Then Isolde, like the swan, pours forth a last song and she too falls into an eternal sleep.

"At last," said a gentleman as from a box he witnessed this scene, "I have seen one woman die of a broken heart."

An equally tragic though infinitely contrasted opera is Bizet's Carmen, and speaking of contrasts, I know of no city where one meets with them more than in New York. Compare your feelings as you sat watching Hermann the Third's marvelous performance with those you experienced as you listened in the same building a few nights before to Melba's flute-like tones as Juliet; compare your sensations as you watched the emaciated six-day bicycle racer at Madison Square Garden with your enjoyment the following morning as, in the Waldorf ball-room, you heard the cultured voice of Ian McLaren drawing amusing comparisons between a Browning society and a Burns club; or again, compare your feelings as at Daly's you listened to The Toy Monkey in the Geisha, with the thrill that passed through you as later in the same theater you heard Ada Rehan's passionate "Kill Claudio." There is only one thing to which we could take exception in Calvé's performance in Carmen, and that is the way she died. On the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House it is apparently never necessary to stab a person; simply point a sword at a foot's distance and the fatal work is accomplished.

There is something about this opera which is particularly distinctive; from the brilliant opening to the final bar it carries with it a peculiarly exciting influence. How the people love the Toreador's song and whistle and hum it as they depart. What a touching prayer Michaela sings. How free, and dauntless, and relentless and captivating is Carmen, and how passionate is the vain entreaty of Don José.

To my mind the greatest artist in the Metropolitan Opera House company is Jean de Reszke. Melba's voice is perfect but she cannot be

said of her acting. Eames is a fine singer but her personality is not magnetic, and had she less beauty and more warmth of expression she would arouse greater sympathy. Calvé, on the other hand, is an excellent actress, but her voice does not reach the high standard of Melba's. Edward de Reszke sings with an artistic assurance and a freedom delightful to hear. No fear of the prompter being needed when this basso is on the stage. We admire his voice and method; perhaps had he been a tenor and thus had more opportunity to display his ability as an actor, he would have proved himself to be as great an artist as his brother.

There is something indefinable about a noted singer which makes him what he is. Of this heaven-sent gift the hero of the Metropolitan Opera House is the possessor. You hear his voice once, you hear it again, and instinctively you say, "Jean de Reszke is singing!" Recall how he sang of Meine Mutter in Siegfried, how he cried to the sleeping Valkyrie, "Awake;" or recall the yearning depicted in the final duet in Les Huguenots, the grace of the prize song in Die Meistersinger, and the tenderness of his avowal in Lohengrin. "Elsa, Ich liebe dich."

The performances of L'Africaine, Le Cid, Faust and Werther have all been brilliant, and we look forward with pleasure to the coming supplemental season.

New York, March 8. HUME CASWELL.

The Canadian Romance.

THE great Canadian romance has yet to be written, says the London News. Stories of Canadian life are comparatively few. Gilbert Parker has given us perhaps the best of these in the Seats of the Mighty, and now

William Kirby, F.R.S.C., has published the Golden Dog, which deals with Canadian life in the early days of the country. It is stupidly and turgidly written, interesting from a historical standpoint, but otherwise unreadable. Why it should fall to such a verbose and witless writer to attempt the grace of fiction with the facts of history must be an everlasting mystery.

But what a field Canada offers for the man with pen in hand and wits in his head! Anthony Hope could write volumes, and perhaps he did write one volume, with Canada in view, when he told the story of A Man of Mark. The scene is laid in some of the little Latin republics, where the people are fiery and impressionable, but the character drawing of some of the leading lights of the book is such as to suggest that the author had at least a superficial knowledge of Canadian politics.

Canada is rich in legendary lore. About her early days hang the mists of Indian romance, and on her heels tramp the troops of France and the sturdy fellows of England, marching steadily to the clash of arms, the groans of the dying and the silence of the dead. No one has yet appeared who can cut the silhouettes of Canadian history as they should be. Parker is rapid and Kirby stupid. Let the bugles ring out and the heralds proclaim a rich reward for the romanticist of our country and our people.

The Girl and I.

"THERE are three of us," I said positively; "you will have to accept one or the other before the voyage is over."

"It doesn't follow," she answered, aiming a quip with a steady hand and dropping it neatly over the stick.

"I think it does. You don't want us to dog your footsteps for the rest of your natural existence; it would be awkward for you and deuced expensive for us."

"Oh, well, if I'm not worth—"

"Don't be silly," I said sharply. "This thing has gone on long enough. It's simply your vanity that prevents your giving us some sort of an answer. It amuses you to keep us in suspense."

"As your temper is not of the most entertaining," she said calmly, "perhaps you will tell Mr. Watson as you pass the companion that I would like to play a game with him."

Taking no notice of this neat dismissal I resumed:

"If you displayed any preference I could understand it, but you don't."

"I'm too shy," she answered, tilting her straw hat with an audaciously impudent air.

"Suppose you fight for me—if I'm worth it."

"Gloves or pistols?" I asked.

"Neither. Try shuffle-board."

"Do you mean it?"

"Certainly."

"And you will marry the winner?"

"I said so."

"But are you in earnest?"

"I never contradict myself."

"Then I understand that Watson, Brooking and myself are to play a game of shuffle-board for the top score, two hundred, and that you are to be the prize. If you retract—"

"May my face be turned upside down and may a jackal sit upon my uncle's grave!" she responded with great gravity, and disappeared into the companion.

I communicated this startling proposition to Watson and Brooking, and we arranged that the game should be played at four o'clock that afternoon. It was whispered among the passengers that a large sum of money was involved, and when we took our places the deck was lined with rows of chairs, and curious on-lookers leaned against the rails. The girl reclined in a low chair and chatted with Teddy Noodles; the captain had the score book, and the first officer surveyed us from the bridge.

The long, slow roll of the vessel scarcely affected the slide of the wooden discs. Watson played off with a splendid stroke on the ten and the game had begun. Luck seemed against me from the very beginning; almost before I realized it Brooking's score stood at fifty, and Watson's at thirty-five, while a miserable eight appeared opposite my name. I heard the laughing and talking of the passengers mistily and distantly, and played stroke after stroke in a blind, dizzy fashion, that threatened to knock me out of the running altogether. And now Watson had made a hundred and fifty, and Brooking followed with a hundred and forty-five, while I had only scored a hundred. As

we neared the end the chattering ceased and all attention became concentrated on the game. Suddenly I looked up. The girl was leaning forward in her chair, with red, parted lips and shining eyes. "Play up!" she whispered. I made a frantic effort, my score was up to 150—70—80. Watson stood 195, Brooking 193, and I 190. This round would finish it. Watson took careful aim and landed his disc on the five, Brooking swept after on the eight, and my last miserable stroke sent my disc far beyond the chalk line and rolled it into the scuppers below.

I bore my beating badly. I did not look at the girl, though I heard her give a little gasp. I moaned about the deck till dinner and returned to it as soon as the meal was over. It was almost dark. I was listening to the slow thumping of the screw when The Girl slipped her arm into mine.

"Well!" I said, "am I to congratulate—"

"Be quiet," she answered, "you stupid, stupid creature; don't you know they cheated, both of them, in giving in their scores?"

I wrenched away my arm; this was worse than anything.

"I cheated myself," I said, and dropped my face in my hands. It was quite a long time before I looked up, but The Girl was there still.

"Why don't you go away?" I said.

"All's fair in love or war," she remarked soothingly, and with a fine consistency for one who never contradicted herself.

"I tell you I cheated," I groaned. "Go away."

"It's a fine night," she remarked, "and I think that if you could over-rule your objections I should like to stay."

Toronto, March, '97. GORRY.

The Dead Past.

A LAWYER, thirty-four, and a confirmed bachelor. To-night he sits listlessly before his chamber grate, while from the darkness without the moaning of the winter storm comes a dreary echo of world-misery.

The day with its errors, its disappointments, and, worst of all, its selfish unmanliness, spreads before the inner vision. How the shadows of ambition and self-indulgence—stripped at this silent hour of their fleeting gleams—haunt the memory!

Furiously he puffs at his meerschaum, but even "My Lady Nicotine" has lost her wonted powers and no longer weaves a spell of peace among conflicting brain-paths.

Petulant he ransacks his book-shelves. Favorite authors have lost their exorcism, and in slighting discontent he glances now at this book and now at that. One old sheep-bound volume—a Greek lexicon, minus the front cover—has a faded scrawl upon the exposed fly-leaf that arrests his attention: "Reginald Dash, Blankford University."

Swiftly thoughts fly backward. Reclining in his lounging-chair he resigns himself to reveries of a past life—a life complete in itself and passed in a little universe of its own. How real it all was then, that college world with the campus bounds for its horizon! Beyond was the unknown, peopled with a humanity eager for great leaders and deliverers—hence for him. How like a memory of some glimpse of fairyland it all seems now! Then in his self-sufficiency he was ardently altruistic—burning with the enthusiasm of the schools. Now in its utter dependence upon the world, life seems only—egoistic.

Who doubted, then, that the ways of the outer world were college ways? Greatness and honor—and love—were to be won upon the same ideal principles that had become real to each in that narrow, happy life. He knew not that it was a fair delusion to think of the busy world as being fashioned after any such plan. How little he had gauged the strength of Custom's forces! How much over-estimated his own constancy of purpose! To-day his most strenuous efforts seem little more than molecular vibrations from an atom in the whirling mass-total of humanity.

And now—lawyer, thirty-four, and confirmed bachelor—there comes to him the sadness of remorseful longing. Crossing the room he unlocks a drawer of his secretary. A faint perfume of dried flowers—the ghost of their former sweetness—escapes as it opens. He takes out a bundle of letters and a painted miniature. With trembling fingers he lowers the gas-light; in the waning brightness of the fire he gazes upon the picture. As he stoops upon the hearth-rug the letters fall unnoticed to the floor. At last—a groan, a quick pressing of lips to the painted semblance, and then—

with a bitter laugh the picture is tossed upon the coals and he rises from the rug. His foot touches the letters. Stooping again, he places these, too, upon the fire. They flare quickly, and as quickly leave a deeper darkness than before. Only the city bells, as they ring in another day of ambitious toil, sound a last requiem for the ideals of his long ago.

He gazes still at the blackened embers. His dead past can never altogether bury its dead.

STAMBURY R. TARR.

A Fearsome Encounter.

"ONE step forward and I will kill you." I stopped short.

"Back, I say, you miserable coward," repeated the deep, tragic voice, with passionate intensity.

I peered nervously into the dark mouth of the lane whence the sound came. As my eye grew accustomed to the gloom I gradually made out the figure of a diminutive street-arab, who in a huge overcoat reaching to his ankles, his arms (a dirty newspaper under one) up to the elbows in the pockets, was carelessly leaning against the wall and kicking one heel meditatively. As I looked he burst out again.

"Unhand m' villain or touch m' at yer peril. Paper, boss?" he added in his own childish treble on perceiving me.

"What are you doing here?" I asked curiously.

"Nothin'," said he promptly and suspiciously. And then to change the subject, "Was yer in to see the show?"

"Yes," I said; "were you?"

"Yep. It was all right, wasn't it?" I expressed my appreciation.

"I'm waitin' to get a gap at 'em now," he continued confidentially, having come to the conclusion I was harmless. "This is the way they come out."

"Who?"

"The actors. Did yer see the guy take the gun out of the other guy's pocket?"

I remembered the incident perfectly and said so, but, nevertheless, he felt an explanation and description necessary.

"He sneaks up behind the other guy like this—lifts up his coat-tail like this—grabs the gun, and—"

"How did you get in?" I interrupted.

"Oh, I stand in with one of the main guys," said he loftily. "Say," eagerly, "did yer see the guy hit the other guy one—biff!—on the jaw?"

"What Sunday school do you go to?" I asked.

"Wot?"

I repeated the question, as gravely as possible. He fidgeted his feet for a moment as if endeavoring to make up his mind whether I was "guying" or merely trying to find out something that might compromise him. Suddenly he changed the subject with his native deftness.

"Leave us take a cent, willa?" he said.

It was my turn to be puzzled.

"What?"

"Leave us take a cent."

I eyed him steadily.

"Will you promise me on your honor not to spend it in drink?" I asked.

"Yes," said he solemnly.

So I left him take a cent.

S. H.

Marie Antoinette Fashions.

THIS is a season of revivals in dress. The novelties of the hour are but the fads and fancies of the old régime brought back to life again. If Marie Antoinette, dressed in her very best gown, were suddenly to appear among the society of to-day she would be surprised to see how many of her pet fashions they have adopted for their very own.

But it is not only the Marie Antoinette hat with the Trianon crown which is here. The newest fashion of all, the small sleeve, can be traced back to the time when the Queen was playing at farming at Trianon.

To compensate for the tight-fitting sleeves, there are the beautiful satin brocades and flowered silks. They were high in favor during the time of Marie Antoinette, and they are all the vogue to-day. Many of the new brocades for evening gowns, both in designs and colorings, are exact imitations of the brocades worn at the Court balls of that period.

Then there is the Marie Antoinette coiffure, with its bobbing curls and marvelous display of puffs. This is the fashion now and has been for some time. The pompadour was beloved by Marie Antoinette, and she liked to cover

her ears with soft puffs of hair, just as fashionable women are doing at present.

Hair-dressing in the French Queen's time reached the utmost pitch of absurdity. Coiffures were known by such entertaining names as the "foot muff puff," the "kitchen garden coiffure," the "peal of the bells," the "milk-maid," and sentimental maids wore their hair arranged in the "bandeau of love." The "kitchen garden" was a curious head-dress, in which bunches of vegetables were really hooked into the side curls.

Magnificent jeweled buttons were in favor in Marie Antoinette's time, just as they are now, and the frequent use of buckles is also a revival of the days of the unfortunate Queen.

As for the fichu, the sight of it makes one think of Marie Antoinette. She it was who invented this dainty quaint fashion, and she wore the fichu with almost all her gowns. Hand-painted and jeweled gloves were one of her fads, and some of these novelties are being introduced for evening wear.

Life's Mirror.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true!
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet,
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet!

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn;
You will gather in flowers again
The scattered seeds from your thought outborne,
Though the sowing seemed but vain.

For life is a mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do,
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

The Question of all Time.

IT was night. In an upper room of a fine residence a man sat beside a bed gazing into the face of a dead child. He was the father of the child. He was a physician, skilled in the science of medicine, and had spent his life in study at home and abroad. Once a week he lectured in a great college to students of medicine, who hung upon his words, and learned men in the profession had demanded that his lectures should be published in the interests of knowledge and humanity. In intricate cases he was the surgeon who was called in by less competent practitioners—he, the man who sat now looking into the face of his dead baby.

The leader in his profession, he who had gathered all the learning of the ages on the subject of healing, had failed to preserve this child-life, more to him than all the lives in the world. As he sat there in the presence of defeat and despair, it occurred to him, stronger even than that instinctive feeling of rebellion against God which comes to a parent in the moment when a child's life passes away—that there can be no situation in all the world, now or in time to come, more pathetic than that of a great physician gazing in the face of his dead child. All the learning of man, all the love of parenthood—useless.

He arose, walked to the window, and looked down the empty streets and over the black housetops. Rest. The wheels were stilled. The spires of churches arose far and near above the lesser heights, and electric lights flickered and sputtered everywhere. The world—vain of its knowledge, its progress, its power to do and to know—the world slept, to prepare for its proud to-morrow. The physician looked up at the expressionless sky and said, "Oh God! What is it all for?"

MACK.

"They say people who live together get to look alike." "Is that so? Well, just in the interest of science, let's try it."—Chicago Record.

The Governess—I know French and German—Mrs. Updote—That is not sufficient. I want someone who can teach my children Scotch.—Brooklyn Life.

"While Miss Fitz was away, George took her parrot." "Anything happen?" "I don't know; she keeps the parrot down cellar now, and the engagement is off."—Life.

Arizona Al—Wal, what do you think of that? Here's Jim goin' an' getting married! Chloride Charley—Wal, that's the way of the world! Arizona Al—Right enough; but look at this: "No Cards." That's what comes of marryin' inter a pious family.—Puck.

"What's the most noticeable thing in connection with the practice of your profession, doctor?" "Thousands of able-bodied men have suddenly discovered that they require the air of Nevada, and are arranging to be there about the middle of March."—Detroit Free Press.



A Puzzle—Pick out those who backed the Winner.

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AFRICA AUSTRALIA

Anecdotal.

The new Primate, Dr. Temple, once entered an East-end church while a mission-service was being held, and, standing in a back pew, joined in the singing of a Moody and Sankey hymn. Next to him stood a workman, who was singing lustily in tune. The workman stood the dissonance as long as he could, and then, nudging the bishop, said, in a whisper, "Here, dry up, mister; you're spoiling the show!"

Theodore Hook was delighting a party one evening with an extempore song, when the servant came in with: "Please, sir, here's Mr. Winter, the tax-gatherer; he says he's called for taxes." Hook went on as if nothing had happened: "Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes. I'd advise you to pay him whatever he asks. Excuses won't do, he stands no sort of flummery. Though Winter his name is, his methods are summary."

Ambassador Bayard was once the guest of some friends in Cambridge, and in the household of his host was a little boy of about six, who asked his father just before a function that was to be given, who was coming to the entertainment. The youngster was told that, among others, there would be the American Ambassador, upon which he naively remarked: "Papa, is he black?" "No, my son," the parent replied; "not even as black as he is painted."

Writing in the *Pall Mall Magazine* about the year 1897, and touching upon the use of the word "jubilée" in connection with it, Mr. A. Quiller-Couch tells an anecdote which, one suspects, is more amusing than truthful: An old lady dwelling on the skirts of Dartmoor was asked, "What is the meaning of this year jubilee?" "Well, my dear," she answered, "it's this way—if you've been married to a man fifty years, and the man's alive, 'tis a golden wedding; if a dead, 'tis a jubilee."

"Did you actually see the shot fired?" asked the judge. "No, sir, I only heard it," was the evasive reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the judge sternly; "stand down!" The witness proceeded to leave the box, and, directly his back was turned to the judge, he laughed derisively. The judge, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back and asked him how he dared to laugh in court. "Did you see me laugh, your honor?" queried the offender. "No, sir; but I heard you!" was the irate reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat quietly, but with a merry twinkle in his eyes. And this time everybody in court laughed heartily except the judge.

Not long ago a Turk, while repairing a roof, fell into the street upon a wealthy old man,

who was killed, without any serious damage to the workman. The son of the deceased caused the workman to be arrested and taken before the cad, with whom he used all his influence to have the poor man condemned; and though the innocence of the laborer was clearly established, nothing could pacify the son but the law of retaliation. The cad stroked his beard, and then gravely decreed that the workman should be placed exactly upon the spot where the old man had stood. "Now," said he to the son, "you will go on the roof of the house, fall down upon this man, and kill him if you can." Of course the son declined to do anything of the sort, and the case was dismissed.

John Ruskin was one day taking a walk in a lonely country lane near his home, when he espied a smart-looking man coming quickly towards him. The stranger looked every inch a journalist, and, firmly convinced that he was about to be interviewed, Ruskin dodged aside down a convenient bridle-path. But the stranger wouldn't be shaken off, and doggedly followed his quarry down the path, through a broken hedge and across a meadow, at last running him to earth behind a haystack. Resigning himself to his fate, Ruskin turned and faced his tormentor. "Glad you've come to anchor at last, old man," said the latter cheerfully. "Please tell me where I shall find a public house. I'm just about dying for a glass of beer."

An eminent painter is noted for his economical and sententious habits. One of his pupils broke a pane of glass in his studio window and replaced it temporarily by pasting a sheet of paper over the aperture. When the painter next entered the room, he thrust his stick through the makeshift, with the remark, "He that breaks pays." None of the class, however, took the hint, and the next morning another sheet of paper was pasted across the window. It met with the same fate; and so on the next day, and so on the fourth. On the fifth day, when the artist came down, there was the paper as before. Fire flashed from his eyes, and, roaring, "He that breaks pays!" he drove his cane through the paper—and through the pane of glass behind it—that had been put in by the students and then pasted over with paper.

A child was brought to a Yorkshire vicar for baptism. As he was told that the name was to be Noah, he naturally referred to the infant as "he" in the course of the service. Soon he felt his surprise pulled by one of the women, who whispered to him that "it was a lass." "But Noah is not a girl's name," said the parson. "Yes, it is," spoke up the child's father. An adjournment was made to the vestry to settle the point. The father said that whenever he had a child to be named he opened the Bible and chose the first name of the proper sex that met his eye. The clergyman insisted that in the present case a mistake had been made, whereupon the father opened the Bible at Numbers xxvi, 33, and read: "The names of the daughters of Zelophehad were Noah," etc. There was no more to be said.

As the steamer *St. Paul* was recently making her mooring, and while the passengers were mostly looking over the rail to see the new country, Pat, a passenger, noticed a number of persons on the edge of the dock who seemed very much interested in something which was taking place beneath them. At first, Pat saw nothing, but as he gazed he was finally rewarded by seeing a strange-looking object slowly arise from the water and climb upon the dock by means of a ladder. It was a diver at work, but Pat had never seen one. In a few moments the steamer was made fast, and Pat, among the first to disembark, ran to where the crowd were gathered about the diver just as his head-dress was being removed. Pat, upon seeing a man emerge from the strange apparel, exclaimed, "Ah, but you're a foxy devil! If O'd only thought of that O'd walked over meself."

Between You and Me.

THERE are often two sets of manners in use by people who have the opportunity to use them; I mean the manners which they keep for social use and those which they employ in business or generally in their contact with the great world outside their own social puddle. The men are most conspicuous in this particular, protecting themselves, so they say, with a discourteous hedge fence, just as soon as they emerge from their own doorways; developing tricks of staring at one over their glasses; whistling softly, or strumming on their office tables; putting on an air of great hurry and preoccupation, with a tragic wrinkling of the brows; taking one up with a snap and a jerk, by way of convincing one that time, their time, is almost too valuable to spend in forming coherent and gracious periods. Just

encounter these men in social circles and note their other set of manners, the graciousness, the fulsome, the positive cringing of some of them to be polite enough. The man who freezes you upon his business oilcloth, treats you like an empress on the social Brussels, and on a waxed floor would let you walk over him.

The other night two men, whose social manners are of the abjectly courteous description, came to the play late, so that people should know how impossible it is to dine before the proper hour, half-past seven, and noisy, so that no one should imagine they minded disturbing a lot of stupid people already deeply interested in a fine play. They had no programmes, so that they might summon an usher and send him after them; no opera-glasses, that they might order such to be brought, and then criticize their power, and remark in patronizing mirth that the glasses were probably some which had been left in the theater, and they had no doubt, if they had hired them at the door, the proper owner would have been sitting near them and have concluded they had priggish them on some former gala night. Then they kept up a running comment on the play, calling the actresses by their surnames in the tone of the turf, with a certain contemptuous intonation and affectation of criticism which must have been exasperating to a degree to everyone within hearing. Then the one gave the other various particulars about people in and out of sight, though I noticed an instinct of self-preservation made him lower his voice, and between them they quite divided the attention of the audience in their vicinity and proved conclusively that this is a very free country indeed. An engaging little trick which one of them practiced was to cross his leg high and prod the back of the chair in front of him with the razor-toe of his shoe, to the obvious discomfort and annoyance of the lady who occupied it and who received the prods in the small of her back. As I watched these little tricks of speech and manner I sized up the individuals, and came to the conclusion that the business man's snappish discourtesy was preferable to their asinine display. But after all, why two manners? Would it not be as well to blend so much cringing and so much bravado, so much snavity and so much brusquerie, and let the world, the flesh and the devil strike an average?

One might ask why someone did not speak out and silence these two nuisances, or why the lady did not call down the tattoo on her chair-back. Do you know how difficult a thing it is to rebuke a fool or a badly behaved person? I remember one evening being seated next to a judge at a very fine concert, when a couple of girls behind us kept up a constant conversation during Paderewski's most brilliant and enchanting performance. The judge looked around, shrugged his shoulders, and tried to concentrate his attention on the music; again the buzz-buzz and the titter began—he folded his arms and sat back as far as he could, the girls never noticed him; then he faced about—"I and several other persons would be much obliged if you would hold your tongues during the performance," he said, with a glance that has made many a counsel quail. The two girls gasped, and burst out laughing, then quietly resumed their gossip. After that I decided that in the words of the song, one could "bid good-bye and go" rather than attempt a remonstrance with the persons who disturb a play or a concert. This is a free country; don't you think so?

One hears true things in a play sometimes, and those who deny the mission of the stage are simply ignorant of certain phases in human experience; that is all. The other night a charming villain was brought face to face with the most analytic and level-headed man, who felt his charm and his villainy, and after having acknowledged the one and outwitted the other, soliloquized on the fact that such a man was a menace to all womanhood, which was too broad, because his charm would have worked in vain on certain types of femininity. But the higher types would have felt its influence, as did the little woman in the play; its passion, its tenderness, its courtesy, its polish, these are what many women would recognize and cherish, and the level-headed man, who was a bit too reverent in his estimate of woman, knew this truth and its danger. "It's magnetism!" said the level-headed man, thinking over the charm of the villain and its deadly power. "He's just full of it, and women are conquered by it. And a woman who isn't properly insulated should not have anything to do with him, fascinating and plausible as he may be to her." And perhaps there was more than one, or maybe seven, as a Hielan' man would say, who understood and appreciated the level-headed man's remark.

If one gets an influence properly classified, it is almost under control. When the look which makes one tremble, and the voice which makes one glow, are reduced to magnetism, and one can insulate oneself in cold-blooded self-preservation, the danger of many a catastrophe is past. The magnetism of the villain the other evening was beautifully displayed in the reluctance of an innocent girl to dismiss him, although she had not a particle of love for him; and in the abandonment of the disappointed wife, who, against her traditions and even her clear sense of right, having promised to give up fame, country, home and husband when he was near her, realized her folly when she was left time for reflection, but knew that she would be again blinded and led captive if she granted him an interview. Then the level-headed man got her an insulator, and the forked lightning played about her in lambent flame. I found it the most interesting sermon, and I am sure that play at all events could straighten up many a bewildered and ignorant woman who mistakes the magic of magnetism for the holy might of Love.

LADY GAY.

A Down-Town Meeting Place
for gentlemen is a necessity in a city like Toronto. Muller's cigar and tobacco emporium supplies the want. Here you are welcome. You can rest and chat, the while enjoying the papers, magazines, &c., and having at your hand the finest stock of cigars and tobaccos from which to make selection.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ENQUIRER.—Certainly, if you are strong enough. I know so many who have had reason to rejoice that they had taken it up. Learn everything. Knowledge is power.

JUMPING JACK.—Are you another turnover? You are surely Cracker Jack's little sister! Your writing is not developed, and you would be very cross if I gave you a delineation of it as it looks just now. In some ways it is better than the other, but I don't believe you are as old as she.

RUSTICUS.—Write to the secretary. You will have to pay smartly, but I fancy, as there are six of you, it will be worth while. For matinees, tailor-made gowns or smart visiting costumes; for evening full dress for the men, handsome, light, high-necked gowns and gorgeous hats and bonnets for the women.

G.L.M., Barrie.—I. She has no other name as soon as she is married but the one she shares with her husband. A wife cannot legally sign any other name than that. 2. Your writing shows refinement, tenacity, culture and ability. Energy is good, and sequence of ideas fine; writer is conservative, fond of home, and altogether an attractive person.

CANADIAN.—Thanks for good wishes. Your writing is only half developed, but no doubt, you will soon accomplish the other half, as you have force, energy, bright and attractive disposition, good perseverance and a reasonable mind. Try to cultivate repose, deliberation and the study of the ideal life. You want elevating, training and discipline to make you a very fine character.

MELANCHOLIA R.—Great imagination and lack of concentration: an enterprising, speculative and erratic mind, buoyant and sanguine temperament; apt to be mercurial; despond at the slightest reverse; clever and original thought and receptiveness, with force wrongly placed and effort sometimes wasted. Writer might be anything or nothing, just as opportunity and inclination happened to dovetail or be a misfit. A pity not to succeed; you should.

CRACKER JACK.—I don't recall the turnover, but, you see, there were so many of them! I hope, if you are there again when the school opens, you will come and identify that particular one. You are a funny girl. Your writing shows a good deal of energy, some brightness of perception, a very great lack of culture, which no doubt time will bring, for you're young and somewhat flighty just now. You have very good logical mind, clear thoughts and will some day make a fine woman if you train yourself.

ROB ROY.—Your nice little bit of taffy filled me with conviction, in that I've been walking into some of my more exasperating studies quite lively this week, but I have no quarrel with yours. 2. You are a careful, discreet person, not apt to be lightly taken in, and you should be truthful, reliable and prone to do better than you say. I shall not tell you that you shine in society, or have marked tact or diplomacy, for 'tis not true. You also lack strength of will to carry out an enterprise; but what you can't get by dash and force you may secure by quiet endurance and perseverance. Yours may be the waiting race. You have some original method and a conscience as true as steel and are modest.

STELLINA.—I. An old maid at twenty-two? Well, you are rather in a hurry to join the pass-over sisterhood! But when I read your little howl I felt that it might be true, and so I cast about for what might do you good. It is right and natural that you should desire petting and companionship. A woman should never outgrow the need of them. That women do, shows itself in the grim women one sometimes meets. They're not lovely! 2. Your writing shows courage, honesty, generosity and a fine temper; you don't spare effort, have hope and ambition, a practical nature and a sense of humor which will help you over many a hard road. Why don't you ever have a bit of fun? Write again. 3. Your surmise is quite correct. I forgive you the coupon.

CURIO, Guelph.—You are a very high-strung and disposed to be introspective person, conservative, opinionated, and alternately cautious and confiding. Your temper can be sweet or acid with wonderful facility. You are somewhat inclined to look out sharp for number one. Don't become a niggling woman; the small things are not worth dwarfing yourself for. You can love warmly, but you would be rather disposed to rule, and to do so openly and aggressively, which is a mistake, dear creature. I am sure you would be a conscientious wife and careful mother, and as for housekeeping, you'd utilize the uttermost farthing. Don't forget you have the whole world for space and all eternity for "time," and let your nature expand.

In the...
Rain Storm

the man got very wet. The wetting gave him a cold. The cold, neglected, developed to a cough. The cough sent him to a bed of sickness. A dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, taken at the start, would have nipped the cold in the bud, and saved the sickness, suffering, and expense. The household remedy for colds, coughs, and all lung troubles is

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Good News from South Dakota.

The glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer. The stock-raising industry in South Dakota is profitable, and Eastern capital is now being invested in cattle and sheep growing in that state.

Those desiring full information on the subject, particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, 2 King street East, Toronto.

Mr. Bryan says he recently declined a position as editorial writer on an Eastern daily which would have paid him \$25,000 a year. He should have accepted; the pay offered him was fully up to the average for such work.—*The Times-Herald*, Chicago.

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How Cupid Takes Care of His Own.

N. Y. Truth.

MATILDA was what women call a good girl. She was also pretty. Beauty in the kitchen has its disadvantages. It induces followers, ultimately marriage and the disagreeable necessity of changing girls.

Accordingly it began as a mere matter of prudence, and at last became a ruling passion with Matilda's mistress, herself a pretty woman and married, to keep Matilda from falling in love.

She could not keep the young men of Matilda's circle from falling in love with the girl. They haunted the kitchen of evenings with prescribed regularity, and invited Matilda to all the festivities of the society in which she moved.

These temptations, however, were all carefully effaced the next day by Matilda's mistress. Nothing could exceed her enthusiasm over the light and sunshine of the kitchen. It was the enjoyable room in the flat.

Thither she herself would repair for an eleven o'clock glass of milk, to enjoy the surroundings which were Matilda's all day. This opportunity she was careful to improve.

"Have you seen Borg Jensen lately, Matilda?" Borg had been married but a short time before.

"Borg is fine; her man works and Borg scrubs the halls and gets free rent."

"Poor Borg, a janitress! Such a pretty girl, and now has to live in two miserable basement rooms, with noisy children tracking in mud all day long," Matilda's mistress would comment in deep dejection.



"But Borg gets free rent." This puny consideration Matilda's mistress would wave away. "That is what men do, Matilda. Think of the nice kitchen Borg left, with gas, range, and, yes, hot water all night, and now she has to scrub halls on her knees, Matilda." Sighing deeply, the mistress would then leave her maid to her meditations.

Such would be the discourse one day. The next she would unfold some tale of the girl of a friend of hers who had given up a nice home and wages to marry a man on a milk route, and now had to live on a top floor with three children.

"And even if the baby cries all night, Matilda, she has to get up at three o'clock in the morning and get her man his breakfast. She, a girl that never had to have breakfast ready before nine."

Then Matilda's mistress would picture this girl going shopping, having to carry one baby and lead two, with such paths that it almost drew tears.

Or, perhaps, she would bring in the morning paper and read of the disturbances of married people in the police courts, people living in unknown regions on the East and West side, yet married out of kitchens with all the modern conveniences right in the heart of the town.

In this manner Matilda was induced to turn off swain after swain, until one suitor appeared who refused to be discouraged.

In this crisis Matilda's mistress repaired to a friend, her own stock of arguments and illustrations becoming low. The friend, too, thought it would be a pity that so good a girl should be lost in marriage.

As she had received the reversion of Matilda in case of her mistress's going abroad, she lent herself to the task with enthusiasm. She had a way of dropping in and having a few minutes' chat with Matilda in her frequent visits. Or, on some ostensible errand to the kitchen, the two together would relate carefully selected stories, or take gloomy views of the pernicious habit of marrying.

"It was a sad affair," one lady would remark, as they entered the kitchen door.

"I can scarcely believe it. Poor, merry, light-hearted Julia!" exclaimed the other.

"Yes, when her husband came home, there was the note jabbed to the pin-cushion with her best rhinestone hat-pin," continued the other, getting fresh impetus with this interesting detail. "I will go to a living grave. This is my end."

"Well, I have always said, and I repeat it, a girl never knows when she is well off. The best of men, my dear—"

Or, when invention flagged, there remained the whole field of letters, in which the disturbances of married people make no inconspicuous part, from which to draw.

"The best of them, as you say, Lizzie, Amelia Sedley told me she was dining at the Osborne's the other evening, and she trembled so at Mr. Osborne's rage she could scarcely eat."

"Dinner!" roared Mr. Osborne.

"Mr. George hasn't come in," said the man.

"Damn Mr. George, sir! Am I a master in my own house? Dinner!"

"Amelia was all alone on her side of the table and nearly tumbled off the chair in her fright. Then he shrieked at the soup and cursed the fish. Well, such a dinner—"

Here, memory failing, pantomime and ejaculation brought the story to an eloquent end.

Esther Waters was an unfailing source of argument and illustration. Esther, Matilda concluded, was an old girl, now married and living down on Eleventh avenue.

"Have you any little flannel petticoats to send down to Esther Waters?" one lady would ask, apparently ignoring Matilda, who was

going about her work but drinking in the conversation with both ears.

"That poor girl, again!"

"Yes, and he came in half drunk again. 'Now then, old girl, out with it. I must have the price. The boys are waiting for me.'"

"But I have only a few cents to get the children some dinner," said Esther. "If I give them to you, they'll have nothing to eat."

"Oh, the children can eat anything. I must have beer. If you haven't any money, make it."

"Esther said if he had any spare clothes, she would pawn them. He told her to take some of her own things, and as if he was going to strike her, came to the bed, and ordered her to take one of the sheets and make money."

"Pawn, I suppose?"

"Has scarcely a rag left to her back."

In this manner for four years did these two women stand off Matilda's beau.

At last there came a respite. A piano tumbled over on Matilda's beau, and he was carried off to the hospital. There he lay for months apparently disabled for life.

It was a sad event, but at the same time carried a certain peaceful assurance to these ladies so interested in Matilda's career, who from that time seemed to take more cheerful views of life.

But mark how Cupid takes care of his own! The man rose from his bed with patched-up ligaments, which indeed would never more bear strain. But he brought suit for damages against his employer.

A short time ago the court awarded him \$3,000, a larger sum than he could have saved up in ten years. That very evening he hastened on the wings of love, the ligaments of his leg still weak, and sought Matilda.

In the very stronghold of her kitchen he found her and told his love. Matilda could scarcely wait to pack her trunk. In three days they were married.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

The Message of the Spear.

Away back in the year 51 B.C.—1,948 years ago—a little detachment of Roman soldiers was besieged by a host of Gauls at Charleroi, in the north of what is now called France. Believing that no help could possibly reach them, the Romans expected to fight until they were all stricken down. One day a short spear came whizzing over the ramparts and stuck in one of the wooden towers. Nobody paid any attention to it at first. They just went on slaughtering Gauls and getting slaughtered themselves.

At length an officer saw something fluttering from that spear. It proved to be a note from Julius Caesar—written in Greek. He said he was on his way with an army to relieve the garrison. That note had been there, unheeded for several days. In due time Caesar came and made short work of the Gauls.

That people should suffer and struggle hopelessly when help is near at hand is sad to think of, but they must know of the coming help before they can draw courage from it. Take the torments and dangers of disease for example. We fight them with all the weapons we have. Sometimes we hit on the right thing, and more often we don't, even when it is as close as the spear in the tower was to the exhausted garrison.

If Mr. Robert Lavis, postmaster at High Ham, Langport, Somerset, could have found a remedy for indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaint he certainly would not have suffered from it, as he did, for twenty years. Why, that is more than half an average lifetime. A single day of illness is always long enough, goodness knows. But fancy such an experience stretching itself into weeks, months, and years!

Common enough? Yes, dreadfully common. So is poverty; but does that fact reconcile anybody to either? Mr. Lavis is not a man to sit tamely down and brood over a misfortune. Besides being postmaster he is a grocer, with work enough to keep him busy. Under what difficulties this work was done he tells us in a letter dated Nov. 8th, 1893:

"I had a bad taste in the mouth," he says, "particularly in the morning, and my mouth was dry, and I spat up thick, tenacious phlegm. After eating even the simplest food I had great pain in the chest and around the heart. I suffered greatly from sick-headache and giddiness, and if I exercised much, I got out of breath."

[This was asthma, caused by the stupefying action of foul blood upon the nerves that move the lungs; the impurities in the blood having come from the festering mass of undigested food in the stomach. The heart trouble, the sick-headache and the giddiness were symptoms of the same thing.]

"As times went on," continues Mr. Lavis, "I became very low, weak and mentally discouraged and depressed."

[A doctor, writing about this case for a learned medical journal, would use many tough Latin words, but he would not make the facts as plain as Mr. Lavis himself has made them. Naturally a man who can eat but little—which little mostly rots in his stomach—will lose flesh and strength and come to be of small use to himself or to anyone else. We can all see that even by candle light.]

"I tried many medicines," he says finally, "but they did me no real good. At last I heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and used it. I am happy to tell you that it soon relieved and cured me. Whenever I feel a sign of my old ailment I resort to the Syrup at once, and the disease gets no further hold upon me. Publish my statement if you like, and believe me yours, etc. (Signed) Robert Lavis."

The Roman soldiers left Caesar's message unregarded for days. It was written on parchment and fluttered from a spear, as I have said. But, see! We live in the age of print. Are you ill and in pain as Mr. Lavis was? Every newspaper, every magazine, almost all the publications your eye falls on, contains accounts of what Mother Seigel's Syrup has done, and daily does, for those who suffer. Read the messages. This is one; and having read it, you know where to look for help.

The Strathroy Age explains to an enquiring reader that the much advertised "concert of the powers" is a benefit concert for the Sick Man of Europe.

Playing with God.

IT happened during a recent snow storm, that a fresh and altogether original theory as to the law of gravitation was unwittingly advanced by a bright little fellow of some four years. The old-fashioned storm had quite abated, though the air was still heavy with large, lazy flakes, which struggled to a landing place much like feathers, plucked from the proverbial goose on high.

The little boy above mentioned was romping out in the yard, as only children can when the first real fall of snow betokens the approach of gladsome winter. His unusual peals of laughter brought his mother to the window—where she stood, watching him in his merry play. He would fashion as large a snowball as his chubby fist could grasp; and, tossing over his shoulder the long, golden curls, would hurl with all his tiny might the missile up in the air. When it descended—sometimes striking his upturned, eager face—the little fellow would dance in childish glee, clapping his mittened hands and shouting in pure delight. Presently the mother called him to her arms, and asked what he was doing. "Why, mamma," the little man replied, "I'm playing wid God. I frows a snow-ball 'way up in the sky at God and he frows it back at me."

He was then released with a kiss, and ran out to continue his fun with the unseen play-fellow in the clouds.

The Dearth of Epigrams.

It is strange, says James Payn, that though parodies in these days have perhaps reached the high-water mark of merit, the making of epigrams is almost an extinct industry. In old times when one had thought of anything "good" he didn't waste it in conversation, but embalmed it in verse, generally in four lines; the first two were mere introduction, the last two shone like the tail of a glow-worm. As a rule, the wit would have been just as well, and, of course, much more briefly expressed, in prose. On the other hand, the rhyme no doubt helps to retain it in the memory, while in some cases the importance of the axiom sought to be inculcated seems to deserve the Muse. The common but bad habit, for instance, which some people have of talking of favors they have conferred upon their friends to other people has never been so wittily denounced as in Prior's epigram—

To Ned I owed great obligation;
But Ned unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation;
Sure Ned and I are more than quit.

Can one imagine a neater way of noting that the obligation has changed sides?

His Defence.

"If you would refuse occasionally when those hateful men ask you to drink," said Mrs. Booce, "you would not come home in this condition. You lack firmness of character."

"Don't you b'lieve nossin' of the sort," said Mr. Booce with much dignity. "The fellers tried to start me home more'n two hours ago."

"What kind of goods, ma'am?" asked the salesman. "I think," replied the young woman who had just bought a wheel and was about to order her first riding suit, "you may show me some of your early falls styles."

Smith—You told me your friend sang like a bird. I think he has a horribly hoarse voice. How can you say it is like a bird's? Jones—Well, the bird I meant was a crow.

MOTHERS REJOICE

AS THEY SEE THEIR LITTLE ONES
MADE STRONG AND WELL BY
KOOTENAY WHICH CONTAINS
THE NEW INGREDIENT.

A sick child always appeals to our love and sympathy. It commands the tenderest care and watchfulness of its mother, who would gladly sacrifice anything to have her darling well.

To mothers who have children suffering from any disease brought about by thin, watery or impure blood, Kidney Trouble following Scarlet Fever, Rheumatism, Eczema or any other skin rash, or any condition in which the child is puny, weak and delicate, and does not thrive well, one would strongly recommend the use of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, not because we say it's good for these conditions, but because Mothers gladly state under oath how it saved their darlings when everything else failed.

One of these mothers was Mrs. Geo. White, who lives at 139 Stinson St., Hamilton, Ont. She says that her daughter Louisa is nine years of age, has always been delicate, and has had Eczema since birth. Since giving her Kootenay Cure the Eczema has gone, and her general health is greatly improved.

Another, Mrs. Isabella Sullivan, of 65 Walnut Street South of the same city, has a little boy aged five, who was attacked with Rheumatism and pains in his back and Kidneys so bad that he could not stand or walk. He was very delicate, and despite the skillful medical attendance he grew very weak, and at times would faint. Kootenay has gladdened the heart of Mrs. Sullivan by restoring her boy, so that now she says he can play hard all day, and is as healthy a child as one could wish for.

Instances like these are well worth the serious consideration of those having sick or suffering children.

The detailed sworn statements of the above cases, together with hundreds of others, sent free, by addressing the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

The New Ingredient works well. One bottle lasts over a month.

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Waters, by mail, 50c and \$1 per box, 6 large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. per cake. Address all orders to Dr. Campbell, 141 Yonge St., Toronto, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

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Another class for Married Ladies, and Single Ladies over 20 years.

Physical Exercise and Muscle Development, with or without Dancing.

Another class for Gymnastics and Calisthenics for Children from 3 years.

Take care of the plant and it will develop into a strong tree.

Confederation Life Building
(WEST END)

Don't be Afraid to Speak.

Spraggs went out to the Deaf and Dumb School the other day to inspect the institution. Upon entering he encountered a man, evidently an inmate, and he at once endeavored to explain to the man, by making signs upon his fingers, that he wanted to look through the place.

The man also made signs, which Spraggs could not comprehend. Then Spraggs made other, and more elaborate signs, which set the man to work with greater violence, and for the next half-hour they stood in the hall gesticulating and twisting their fingers without either being able to comprehend what the other meant. Finally Spraggs became angry, and in an outburst of wrath exclaimed:

"Oh, get out, you idiot. I'm tired of bothering with you!"

"Oh, you can speak, can you? Then why in the name of thunder didn't you say so, and not keep me standing here motioning to you? I thought you were deaf and dumb."

"I came here to inspect the asylum," said

Dancing

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Physical Culture, Curvatures of the Spine, Calisthenics, Walking, Carriage, Bar Bell, Dumbbell, Clubs, Rings, Poles. These lessons for those who do not want dancing.

These classes will meet Monday and Wednesday afternoon and evening, 3.30, 7.30.

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Etiquette, Dress, Street, House, Table, Preparation for Vice-Regal Court.

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All latest Society Dancing Taught: Grotesque, Character, National and Fancy Dances, of all descriptions. These classes meet Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 3 and 4.30 p.m. Evening class 8 p.m. Private lessons to suit.

PANTOMIME

Gesture, Action in part or play, by

A. ROY MACDONALD, JR.

Graduate of Royal Schools of Ballet of Italy, Spain, France.

Spraggs, "and I took you for a patient."

"That's what I came here for, and I thought you were an attendant," said the man.

Here Spraggs and the man shook hands and hunted up a genuine attendant, and went away happy. After this Spraggs will always use his tongue first, no matter where he is.

"Yes, I need a clerk," said the hotel proprietor, in reply to an applicant for that place, "but have you ever held such a situation?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am thoroughly inexperienced."

Crimsonbeak—There's a man who was congratulated by his employer for being short in his accounts. Yeast—That's curious! Crimsonbeak—Not at all; he's a newspaper writer.

The fact that some plants devour insects is considered a marvelous modern discovery, yet it has been known for ages that the first pair ate two apples.

Passenger—Say, I saw you pocket that five cents. I gave you a nickel and you never rang it up. Conductor—Well, that's no more than fare.



MUSIC

OVERS of orchestral music, who have long felt that the one special need in the musical life of Toronto is that of a permanent orchestra, do not find in the existing state of affairs much from which to derive comfort. Efforts, it is true, are being made by several local conductors to establish in our midst what is most required in this respect, but in no case have these efforts as yet met with any permanent success. Some years ago Signor d'Auria organized the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, and, after the first concert of the organization, many were encouraged to hope, from the artistic results attained, that the orchestra had come to stay. Lack of public support (due largely to poor business management) and a growing disinclination on the part of the musicians to give the time necessary for thorough rehearsals, combined to shipwreck the scheme before it had completed its season's work. Mr. Torrington at the same time organized and conducted through several concerts a similar scheme, which also eventually bowed to the inevitable and was subsequently reorganized under another name, but with the same result. Further serious experiments with professional players seem to have been abandoned until the present year, when Mr. Torrington announced his intention of reorganizing. Simultaneous with this announcement came another in which professional players were invited to co-operate under the baton of Mr. J. Humfrey Anger. Both organizations, I am informed, are at present rehearsing for a public appearance, but no definite plans have as yet been announced to the public concerning the matter. In the case of amateur orchestras more satisfactory results have been attained. Mr. Torrington's orchestral school is, without doubt, the oldest organization of the kind in the city, and is still in the field in an apparently healthy and vigorous condition. Herr Klingensfeld's orchestra has given a concert this season which was pronounced by local critics one of the very best ever given in Toronto with principally amateur talent. I understand that the success of the event has encouraged this gentleman to give another concert during the present season. Several Sunday school orchestras are doing good work so far as their opportunities offer, and in general there is much interest being manifested in orchestral playing of a rudimentary character, and much attention is being devoted to the study of orchestral instruments, more, probably, than at any time in the history of the city. Mention should also be made of Mrs. Adamson's String Orchestra, an organization which has given several very enjoyable concerts during the past three or four seasons. But the great want of the city—a permanent professional orchestra—still remains, and is likely to remain, as great as ever, unless, indeed, the organizations at present in the field surprise themselves as well as the public by pulling through and establishing themselves on a solid basis. There are many who contend that public taste has developed to such an extent in Toronto that only a high artistic standard of performances would receive anything like adequate support from our public. In order to secure this, it is felt that a conductor who has made a specialty of orchestral work, and with whom all classes of local music-lovers could unite, should be imported, as in the case of Mr. John Lund in Buffalo, or Mr. Van der Stucken in Cincinnati. These aspects of the case I will leave until some future time for discussion, trusting, however, that the results of the efforts now being put forth by those engaged in the good work will render it unnecessary to seek for a solution of the problem at the hands of outsiders.

Attention is directed to the advertisement on page 13 of the music publishing house of Bosworth & Co. of Leipzig, London and Paris. The publications of this progressive house are at present attracting wide attention in all parts of the musical world. Not the least noteworthy of their recent issues are the varied graded works for pianoforte instruction of the eminent pedagogues, Heinrich Germer. The value of the splendid teaching material supplied by Germer during the past ten or twelve years has been spoken of in highest terms of praise by such authorities in their time as Liszt and Bulow, as well as more recently by all of the most prominent music journals of England, America and Germany. Specially worthy of mention are five graded volumes of Practical Teaching Material, three volumes of the School of Sonatina Playing, and two volumes of one hundred splendidly constructed Elementary Etudes. All piano teachers should procure copies of these works for inspection, as they are certain to supplant much of the standard material which has for so long done such admirable service. The catalogue of the firm also includes a large list of new compositions, both vocal and instrumental, by such popular modern composers as Meyer Helmund, Carl Heins, Lingi Forins and others. Several of the newest of these, particularly of piano works and songs by Meyer Helmund, are charming compositions which all players and singers should possess.

A number of letters have been received relative to my comments in last week's issue regarding the unfortunate record of our oratorio societies during the past few years. Lack of space prevents the insertion at present of any but the one brief letter which appears below. It is gratifying, however, to know that my remarks have met with such general approval, and that lovers of oratorio—and their name is legion in Toronto—feel that whilst those who are endeavoring to do what they can in this sphere of work

deserve better recognition and support than they have been receiving of late, there are causes for the present apathy of the public which they personally can do much to remove, and until these causes are removed no better results may reasonably be expected. The following letter, which is from an old supporter of oratorio, echoes, in brief, the sentiments of nearly all who have written me:

Musical Editor of Toronto Saturday Night:

Sir,—You deserve the thanks of all lovers of oratorio for the straightforward and manly way in which you have drawn attention to a state of things in the field of oratorio which is much to be regretted. I am of the opinion that whilst all local work in the musical line should be encouraged and helped by our critics so long as there is any hope of success, affairs are in such a condition that any "wishy-washy" dealing with the subject would only prolong things as they are, and would not be in the best interests of music in Toronto. Personally I have the greatest respect for both of our oratorio conductors, and have sung with much pleasure under both of them frequently. As an enthusiast, however, I would recommend that radical changes be made in the make-up of the choruses, and that more push be introduced into the business management. I recollect a former writer of your column (Metronome) one time speaking of many of our oratorio singers as "duffers." Is it not time that something be done with this class of singers who largely make up our oratorio societies and discourage the audiences as well as good choristers, and in the end ruin the society? I for one hope that both Messrs. Torrington and Anger may get better support in the future and that their material and audiences may improve in quality and numbers until oratorio is placed again where it rightly belongs in this city.

Yours truly,
A LOVER OF ORATORIO.

A very successful concert was given in West Association Hall on Thursday evening of last week by members of the faculty and pupils of the College of Music, under the personal direction of Mr. Torrington. The programme presented was an unusually strong one, embracing a wide range of standard instrumental and vocal compositions. These were rendered in a manner which furnished practical testimony of the character of work being done at the College in various departments of its activity. Following is the list of the performers: Piano—Misses Lillian Porter, Mabel Tait, Fannie Sullivan, Nellie Kennedy, May O'Hara, Ethel Husband and Lillian Landell; violin—Miss M. Taylor, Mr. Harry Torrington; cello—Otto Torrington; vocal—Mrs. J. N. McGann, Misses Susie Herson, Eileen Millet, B. Warden, Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan and Mr. James Richardson. Miss Mathews, teacher of elocution and physical culture at the College, also took part with great success. The enthusiasm of the audience was most pronounced. Encores were the order of the evening, a number of the performers being repeatedly recalled. The College of Music and the Ladies' Auxiliary, under whose auspices the concert was given, are jointly to be congratulated upon its success.

Various suggestions have been received at this office relative to a fitting musical celebration in connection with the Queen's Diamond Jubilee festivities. The Toronto Musical Festival Association, at a recent meeting, decided that it was now too late to begin the work of preparing a festival under their auspices in June next with any prospect of the same materializing into an event of artistic merit in keeping with the supreme importance of the occasion from a national and patriotic point of view. The Toronto Philharmonic have, however, already made arrangements for the holding of a festival concert of a patriotic character in June next, under Mr. J. Humfrey Anger's direction, and several other private schemes are likely to be floated for the same purpose. A letter has come to hand containing the suggestion that on Sunday, May 23, all our city churches should hold services of a patriotic-religious character, in which music might form an important part of the proceedings. Several of our choirmasters already have some such plan formulated. A glance at the advertising columns of the English musical journals will furnish names of appropriate selections for such services. The idea contained in the above suggestion is a good one which should be generally carried out by our city churches.

A very successful vocal recital was held in the Conservatory Music Hall on Thursday evening of last week by pupils of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, the well known vocal teacher. The hall was crowded to the doors with a representative audience, which gave frequent and enthusiastic evidences of the pleasure felt at the excellence of the programme presented. The following pupils took part: Misses Ethel Rice, Etta Leonard, Helen Church, Nellie Kennedy, Carrie Scott, Mrs. McGolpin, and Messrs. Bruce Bradley and H. Wiggins. All of these pupils gave proof of good natural talent and particularly of the careful and capable instruction which had been imparted to them under Mrs. Bradley's direction. Piano solos were contributed during the evening by Miss Ethel M. Hunter and Miss Mary L. Robertson, pupils of Mr. Edward Fisher, and a reading was rendered by Miss May Walker, pupil of the School of Elocution. Miss Lena M. Hayes played the violin obligato to one of the vocal selections in very artistic style, and brought forward one of her pupils, Miss Lizzie Langlois, whose clever playing proved that Miss Hayes' talent as a teacher is no less marked than her ability as a solo performer.

The piano recital by the pupils of Miss Fannie Sullivan at the College of Music on Thursday, March 4, was a most successful and enjoyable concert. Miss Sullivan is well known herself as a fine pianist and good all-round musician, but perhaps the highest tribute to her talent was that which was paid on this occasion in the excellent work done by her pupils. All who were brought forward played with delicacy of touch, and from a standpoint of technique were at ease in the performance of each number on the programme. The piano pupils participating were as follows: Misses Lizzie Blackhall, Mary Woods, Lizzie Rogers, Violet Hine, Frankie Bower, Helena Mitchell, Edythe Sullivan, Mr. A. J. Grant, Masters Charlie Eggzett and Tom Kelly. A well chosen programme embracing many schools of piano music was interpreted throughout in a manner most creditable alike to pupils and teacher. Miss Sullivan is entitled to congratulations upon the success of the event. Vocal numbers were contributed during the evening by Miss Annie

Watson and Miss Rumph, talented pupils respectively of Miss Dundas and Mrs. Youngheart.

The members of the Toronto Chamber Music Association, of which Lady Gzowski is honorary president and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason president, are active in their efforts in the interest of the class of music which the name of the Association denotes, and have arranged for a second concert for this season to be held on Monday evening, April 5. The Detroit Philharmonic Club, better known in Toronto as the Yuncle String Quartette, and who are established favorites here, will provide the *ensemble* numbers. Upon the occasion of the last visit of the Club, Mr. Schultz, who founded the organization, played second violin, sustaining his part although suffering from a severe attack of la grippe. It was his last time to play with his club, for soon after his appearance here he succumbed to the disease, much regretted by his colleagues. Mr. H. Brueckner, whose fine viola playing in the Club has been noticed, takes Mr. Schultz's place. The vocal soloist will be Miss Elsie Lincoln, an excellent soprano from Boston. Mr. Heberlein, the cellist, will also be heard in solo numbers. The subscribers' list is at Nordheimer's.

The concert given in Elm street Methodist church on Tuesday evening last by the choir of Jarvis street Baptist church attracted a large and very appreciative audience. The choir was assisted by Mrs. Mima Lund-Reburn, contralto; Mr. J. M. Sherlock, tenor; Herr Heinrich Klingensfeld, violinist; Misses Jessie Perry and Lillian Hall, organists, and Mrs. Klingensfeld, accompanist, all of whom acquitted themselves most admirably. Solos were also taken by Miss McMurry and Miss James of the choir, both of whom were repeatedly recalled. Several anthems were rendered by the choir, including Mendelssohn's Hear My Prayer, Gounod's Sanctus from Messe Solennelle, Randege's Praise the Lord, and unaccompanied motets by Sullivan and Gounod. After the concert the choir and assisting artists were handsomely entertained by the officials of the church and a most pleasant evening was spent.

The Ben Davies-Watkin Mills concert, which takes place in Massey Hall on March 30, is certain to prove one of the most successful events of the kind held in the city this year. The list of subscribers has grown to immense proportions, and financially the event is already an assured success. Mr. Davies will arrive in Boston about March 20 to take the tenor solo parts at the Boston festival. He will make his first and only appearance in Canada this season at the Massey Hall with Mr. Watkin Mills on the night of this concert. It may be remarked that the programme will consist principally of ballads and selections from Moore's Irish Melodies, which will be a musical treat seldom enjoyed here. The prices of seats are placed at \$1, 75 cents, 50 cents, and rush seats at 25 cents. The piano opens on Thursday morning next at Massey Hall.

The withdrawal by the railways of students' commutation tickets is creating more or less consternation among local teachers of music. Not a small proportion of music students who receive instruction from local teachers come in once or twice weekly by rail from distant towns and cities of the province. A number of these have already been compelled to give up their lessons because of the change in the policy of the railways, and many others will follow their example when their tickets have expired. It is hoped, however, that some arrangements may be made whereby students' tickets may again be issued as formerly; otherwise a very considerable source of revenue will be taken away from those engaged in music teaching in this and other centers of the province.

Mr. Arthur T. Blakeley's "plebiscite" organ recital will take place this afternoon in the Sherbourne street Methodist church at four o'clock. The programme is specially interesting as illustrating the popular taste of the audiences which have been attending at Mr. Blakeley's recitals. Lemmen's Storm Fantasia received the highest number of votes in the plebiscite. Other numbers on the programme are Wagner's Tannhauser Overture, two of Mr. Blakeley's own compositions and original works by other composers for the organ, as also several arrangements for the organ of orchestral works. Mr. Frank Blachford and Mr. McDunnough will assist. This recital will be Mr. Blakeley's last one for this season.

At the musical vespers in St. Michael's cathedral on Sunday evening last the music was of a high order of excellence. Wiegand's Grand Musical Vespers were admirably rendered by a full choir. Mons. Mercier and Sig. Delasco sang Lambillot's Justus ad Palma in a most effective manner, the fine voices of these well known artists being heard to special advantage in the large edifice. The Grand Litanies sung just before the benediction by a select choir, is a recent composition of Miss Adele Lemaitre, the well known local composer, and is one of the best of her works. It was much admired by the large congregation present. Rev. Vicar-General McGinn preached a suitable and eloquent sermon.

Mr. Walter F. Hayes, tenor, a talented pupil of Signor Pier Delasco, has been appointed to the important position of solo tenor of the Sherbourne street Methodist church choir, of which Mr. Arthur T. Blakeley is now choir-master. I understand that some alterations to the organ of Sherbourne street church are being contemplated, including the removal of the console to a position facing the choir, as well as the addition of several new stops, the whole action, key and stop, to be rebuilt on the electro-pneumatic system. The suggested improvements would wonderfully increase the resources and effectiveness of the instrument.

Miss Emelie A. Scott, who is well known in Toronto and who has for some time been a vocal pupil of Mr. Harold Jarvis of Detroit, recently took part, with great success, in a concert given in Trenton, Mich. The Wyandotte, Mich., Herald, says of her singing on this occasion: "Miss Scott, who combines a charming personality with vocal talent of a high order, was received with no less enthusiasm than her instructor, Mr. Jarvis." Other Michigan papers

praise in enthusiastic terms the singing of Miss Scott. A large number of Detroit people attended the concert.

The Apollo Harp advertised in another column is a unique and high-grade instrument. It possesses several special features worthy of mention. Its duplex system of stringing gives the tone staying qualities. Its symphonic slide enables the instrument to be played in all keys, and renders all transpositions possible without any break in tempo. It further renders all discords impossible. The Apollo Harp is a real and valuable addition to our list of fine instruments and ought to be in great demand.

The choir of Jarvis street Baptist church, specially augmented for the occasion, have in preparation a concert of patriotic music in honor of Her Majesty's long and glorious reign. The programme will contain works by Barnby, Bridge, Cowen and others, specially composed for use during this year of loyal demonstration and patriotic festivities. The concert will likely be given late in May. Further particulars as to the programme will be announced in due time.

The accompaniments at the recent concert of the Wellesley Public school were played by Miss Annie McKay, a young lady whose work in this sphere has been highly commented on of late.

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Flirting Not Actionable.

THE court of appeals of New York has won the gratitude of men and excited the indignation of women by deciding that a man may pay unbounded attention to a woman, may flirt with her, make desperate love to her, and even say serious things to her about future wedded bliss, without rendering himself liable to damages for breach of promise of marriage, unless he has distinctly, formally, and definitely declared his intention to make her his wife. In the particular case cited, William R. Curtiss of Norwich, N. Y., "paid attention" to Miss Nellie E. Yale of the same place. On one occasion, he said to her: "I long to make you happy. If I live, I will make you happy." He protested that he was true to her, and about a proposed trip to Europe he said: "Husband and wife are party enough if I go." After the falling out, Miss Yale sued him for breach of promise, and got a verdict which the general term affirmed, but the court of appeals decided in the man's favor, declaring that because he had not distinctly enough expressed his intention of making her his wife he was not bound to marry her. In other words, flirtation is not actionable. To quote the decision of the court: "In the absence of fraud and deception there must be a contract; no form of words is required. A formal offer and acceptance are not necessary, but there must be an offer and an acceptance sufficiently disclosed or expressed to fix the fact that they were to marry as clearly as if put in formal words. The language used must be such as to show that the minds of the parties met. If the conduct and declarations of the parties clearly indicate that they regard themselves as engaged, it is sufficient, otherwise not. Mere courtship, or even an intention to marry, is not sufficient to constitute a contract. Thorough acquaintance with character, habits, and disposition is essential in order to make an intelligent contract. The parties, therefore, may form such an acquaintance without having the inferences of a contract attached."

A Millionaire's Expenditures.

Defining a millionaire as a man who has a million sterling, invested so that it gives him an income of \$250,000 a year, Arnold White in a recent English magazine gives this summary of the millionaire's budget: To poor relations he gives \$2,500; the allowances to his sons and daughters amount to \$25,000; the rent of his town-house, which he uses four months in the year, is \$16,000; and his country-house, where he lives five months and employs 25 gardeners and 30 indoor servants, stands him in \$70,000. The keeping up of his town-house costs \$17,500, and to this must be added \$15,000 for his stable and \$7,000 for his wine-cellar. On travel and amusement he spends \$15,000, and on his steam-yacht, which is kept in commission three months, \$20,250. It is curious to note that, while Mr. White's millionaire spends only \$500 a year on clothes, his tobacco costs him \$3,000. Under the head of philanthropy are grouped expenses amounting to \$10,000, and the balance, which includes the expenses of politics, religion, insurance, art, literature, racing, betting, wedding presents, and crossing-sweepers, is set down at nearly \$40,000. It is amusing to note that Mr. White says philanthropy is now obligatory upon the rich "not merely because it is the cheapest form of advertisement, but because a non-subscribing millionaire would soon find the ladies of his acquaintance looking at him coldly."

Parties contemplating going to Florida will do well to consult or write for illustrated literature to Mr. J. R. Walker, 15 Toronto street, Toronto, or for special railway rates and information about hotels, tourist resorts, oranges, lemons and pineapple plantations or truck farms. February, March and April being delightful months in the "Sunny South."

Theosophical Crusade

The American Theosophists

We have traveled AROUND THE WORLD on behalf of the Theosophical Movement which was begun in America by Madame H. P. BLAVATSKY, continued by WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, and now under the leadership of Mrs. KATHERINE A. TINGLEY, will arrive in Toronto on Wednesday, 31st March, and invite the public to a meeting in the

PRINCESS THEATER

Thursday, 1st April, at 8 p.m.

When the Crusaders will give addresses on BROTHERHOOD TOLERATION And Kindred Theosophical Topics.

The Theosophical Movement is unsectarian in character, and co-operates with all who work for the uplifting of humanity. The members of the party are: Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley (Leader of the Theosophical Movement throughout the world); E. T. Hargrove (President of the Theosophical Society in America and Australasia); H. T. Patten (President of the Brooklyn Theosophical Society); F. M. PIERCE (Representative of the School for the Liberal of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity); Rev. W. Williams (of England); Mrs. Barclay G. Cleather (of London, Eng.).

Admission Free. Musical Selections

The members of this Crusade wish it to be distinctly understood that they have no connection with that organization of which Col. Olcott is president, and to which Mrs. Annie Besant belongs.

The Headquarters of the BEAVER Theosophical Society, Toronto, are in The Forum, where public meetings are held on Fridays at 8 p.m., and on Sundays at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

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My Love is Blind.

(Copyright, 1897, by Alfred R. Calhoun.)

BY ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

PART I.
BLACK HOLLOW is abandoned now, not because the coal supply beneath its surface is exhausted, but because of the disaster that has sooner or later come upon every enterprise started in the valley.

But Black Hollow, though never an inviting place, was at one time regarded as the most promising, if not the most prosperous, of all the anthracite coal fields in Pennsylvania. Just after the war, when wages were high, the place was in the first flush of success. The Black Hollow had four hundred miners' cabins and boarding-houses, all full; and it felt proud of its square, unpainted frame hotel, and of the great rambling store of the company—two places that absorbed most of the earnings of the miners.

The hotel was known as the Luzerne House, though there was no sign to indicate the name. The house was very popular because of the genial manner of the florid, rotund landlord, Peter Grier, and—some thought—because of the winning ways and rare beauty of his daughter Kate.

When Peter Grier's wife died, everyone who knew him wondered why, instead of hiring a housekeeper, he did not take Kate from the seminary at Bethlehem and give her charge of the establishment. In reply to this the landlord would say:

"I hope to leave the child a little money. I am not educated, more's the pity, but Kate shall be. I want her to learn how to be happy and to make others happy."

In accordance with this admirable plan, Kate Grier was kept at the seminary till she was past nineteen, when she came home to Black Hollow with a diploma, the respect of her teachers and the love of her classmates.

"Pete is givin' that gal too much schoolin'. She'll come back to Black Hollow top stuck up to know her neighbors and with more airs than a prize filly at a county fair." That is what the rural Solons, who supplied the miners with vegetables and dairy products, prophesied; and to do them justice, they were amongst the first to acknowledge that they had erred—as to Kate Grier.

When the girl took up her permanent residence at the Luzerne House the establishment changed its character. She induced her father to paint the dull gray extension, not white, but a color that gave a warm glow to the dreary setting, without being in discord with it. The house became a show place for the bare-legged, tow-headed children, who never wearied of listening to the canaries in the sitting-room and admiring the blossoming plants in the principal window.

Rufus Hinton, the mine "boss," had boarded at the "Luzerne" ever since he came from Seranton. He was a well built, gray-eyed man under thirty, retiring in his manners and popular because of his consideration for the men under him. He had the reputation of being no end of a scholar, because his spare time was devoted to books, and the company paid him a large salary because of his skill as a civil and mechanical engineer.

Peter Grier knew that Rufus Hinton was caring for his widowed mother and educating a promising sister, and so, when the young man's plain attire was commented on, the landlord would say, with a knowing shake of his bald head:

"There's richer and more dandified men than Rufe Hinton, but no better one ever showed up in Black Hollow."

Even if his tastes led that way, or his means warranted it, the young man's work would have barred fine clothes. Nearly half his time was spent hundreds of feet below the sunlight, with an oil-lamp blazing in the front of his stiff hat, his face and hands as black as a negro's, and the original color of his jumper and overalls hidden by layers of coal dust and grease.

It was noticed after the coming of Kate, that Rufus Hinton always carefully washed his face and hands when he came to the house for his noonday meal, and that when off duty he always appeared in his "Sunday go-to-meetin' best," and this change set the men wondering and their wives talking.

The only piano that ever sounded within eight miles of Black Hollow was the one Peter Grier ordered from Philadelphia for his daughter. The first night the girl played the instrument was an epoch in the history of Black Hollow. The whole village turned out to listen, and slatternly women dandled their young babies, and with cries of delight the bare-legged children danced outside to the music.

It was known that Rufus Hinton could do everything necessary about a coal mine, but his most ardent admirers never imagined he could sing. But he sang that night to Kate's accompaniment, in a high, clear baritone that thrilled the wondering women and children and drew the crowd from the bar.

"Mr. Hinton's good enough for Kate Grier, and he's dead in love with her, but he hasn't got the courage to tell her so. If he wasn't such a goose, he'd see that Dick Bradford is cuttin' him out." This is what the women said, and the men sorrowfully believed.

Dick Bradford was about Rufus Hinton's age, and the son of the president of the Black Hollow and other great mining companies.

Dick Bradford was a college graduate, handsome, well dressed, and with the confident manner that comes from conscious superiority and the possession of ample means. Before Kate Grier took up her permanent residence at the Luzerne House, young Bradford's visits—he lived at Wilkesbarre—were infrequent, but now he was coming over every day.

The people were not long in doubt as to the particular attraction of Black Hollow for the mine president's son. After a time he kept a horse and buggy at the hotel stable, and nearly every afternoon he and Kate drove out of the

sooty depths and up to the sunlit, pine-covered hills—and a handsome, joyous couple they were.

Peter Grier would have been less of a man had he regarded with indifference the growing intimacy of Dick Bradford and Kate; and that the possibilities were not disagreeable was evident by the pleased look on his florid face as he watched the buggy disappearing up the Hazleton hill.

"It's all up with Rufe Hinton." "He was too slow." "Ought to've won when he had things his own way." "There's no dependin' on women." "Well, what's to be, must be." These things the quiet, observant people said one to the other.

Then they noticed a change in Rufus Hinton, or rather he changed back to the old way as to dress. Always quiet, he became quieter. At night the lights in his room told he was at his books again, undisturbed by the music in the room below.

Dull in the summer, Black Hollow was doubly dull and looked doubly desolate in mid-winter. Even the snow, so dazzlingly pure and white on the hills, was black in the valley. The faces of the miners, even when off duty, looked more grimy than in the summer, and the children, coasting through dark snow, looked like imps.

The monotony of previous winters had always been broken into by a ball at the Luzerne House in the Christmas holidays. This winter was not to be an exception; indeed, Peter Grier, with the support and approval of his daughter, determined to outdo all his previous efforts. Not only the surrounding mining villages, but the towns in the Wyoming valley were notified of the great event, and as the sleighing promised to be the best, an unusual attendance was expected.

There is no day in the cavernous depths of a mine. At Black Hollow gangs went on at six in the morning, and when they came up at six in the evening other gangs with long cylindrical pails in their hands and flaming lights in their hat fronts went into the depths in the great cage. The night of the ball, however, Rufus Hinton permitted most of the men to remain off duty.

"You must come down and dance with me," said Kate to Rufus, as after supper he was about to make his way to his own room.

"But," he replied, "I never danced in my life, and I am now too old to learn."

"Never mind that. You can go through the figures. I will guide you. Why, even a blind man could go through an ordinary quadrille—particularly when the figures are called," she urged.

"You are very kind," he said, with a weary smile that did not escape her. "I shall be down after the dance is well under way. It will be more pleasure to watch you than to provoke laughter by trying the thing myself," he said.

Dick Bradford had the first dance with Kate, and had it not been for her tact and better breeding he would have barred other young men from the coveted privilege. Kate danced with her old friends, and she made many new ones. She showed a preference for the elderly and bashful, and she won the other girls by complimenting their dress and appearance.

It was near midnight, the hour set for the supper, when Rufus Hinton came down and took a stand in an out-of-the-way corner, but Kate, who was talking to Dick Bradford at the time, spied him at once and hurried to him with extended hands.

Before Rufus could respond to her greeting a deep booming sound rang down the valley. The building rocked as if shaken by an earthquake, and the dancers stopped, with white faces, at the sound.

"An explosion in the mine! Oh, God! Who is down to-night?" There was no response. Women fainted and men stood speechless and dazed.

One calm, resolute voice restored the listeners to their senses. It was Rufus Hinton's. Leaping to the door, he shouted back, "Boys of Black Hollow, follow me!"

Like a hound on the scent, the "boss" ran to the mine entrance and ordered the trembling engineer to bring up the car, which was at once done.

Hot clouds of sulphurous smoke were pouring up the shaft, about which the dancers, Kate Grier among them, crowded.

"I know where the danger is. Who will go with me?"

In response, four young men leaped into the cage with their leader, and all muffled their faces with handkerchiefs.

"Lower away!" cried Rufus.
(To be concluded next week.)

His Little Ruse.

She took her four-year-old to a photographer. The child could not be made to sit still. He of the camera was as sure as he could be, and worked every device of gentle persuasion to make the little wriggler keep still. Finally he said to the despairing mother:

"Madam, if you will leave the little dear alone with me a few minutes, I think I can succeed."

The mother had scarcely withdrawn when she was summoned back by the triumphant photographer, who exhibited a satisfactory negative. When they reached home the mother asked:

"Nellie, what did the man say to you when I left you alone with him?"

"He thaid," lisped Nellie, "Thit thill, you little rathcall, or I'll thake the life out of ye."

"Isn't he a funny insect?" said Wallie, looking at the centipede as it walked across the floor. "Awful funny. Looks like a parade, doesn't he?" said Mollie. "Yes," replied Wallie. "He must have been well drilled to march so well."

The Good Ship Birkenhead.

FORTY-FIVE years ago the troopship Birkenhead, rendered famous in song and story, went down with four hundred and thirty-seven souls on board.

Nowadays most of us have learnt to look upon Prussia as the nucleus of the proudest military monarchy in Europe, and on the discipline of Prussian soldiers as the rock on which the grandeur and unity of Germany have been built. Yet, in 1852, the lesson in discipline which had been taught the world by Britons on February 26 seemed to the king of Prussia so precious that he ordered the record of it to be read out at the head of every regiment of his service, and it is doubtful, says the *London Mail*, whether in the history of the world the like compliment has been ever paid by the monarch of one proud race to the martial qualities and training of another.

Everybody has, of course, heard of the Birkenhead, but most people, if pressed, would tell you that they believed the men went down standing in their ranks singing Rule Britannia or God Save the Queen. In straight truth, the sons of Britain did nothing theatrical. The dignity of the whole scene lies in this, that it consisted in nothing but the calm, ordinary performance of duty at a time when every man had before him the immediate prospect of a watery grave on a rock-bound coast densely covered with fatal seaweeds in a sea known to be full of sharks; and that while out of a total number of six hundred and thirty, only one hundred and ninety-three men were saved, not one woman or child was drowned, because the men, after all further work was impossible, in obedience to the appeal of their officers, remained on the poop of the sinking ship rather than leap into the water, lest they should swamp by their numbers the boat that was carrying off the women and children. The following verses tell the story:

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down,
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose.
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed
The spirit of that shock.

And ever, like base cowards who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away disorderly the planks
From underneath her keel.

Confusion spread, for though the coast seemed near,
Sharks hovered thick along that white sea-brink;
The boats could hold but not all—and it was clear
She was about to sink.

"Out with those boats and let us haste away,"
Cried one, "ere yet you see the bark devourers;"
The man thus clamoring was, I scarce need say,
No officer of ours.

We knew our duty better than to care
For such loose babblers, and made no reply.
Till our good colonel gave the word, and there
Formed us in line to die.

There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought,
By shameful strength, unhonored life to seek,
Our post to quit we were not trained, nor taught
To trample down the weak.

So we made women with their children go;
The oars ply back again, and yet again,
Whilst inch by inch the drowning ship sank low
Still under steadfast men.

What follows why recall? The brave who died
Died without flinching in the bloody strife;
They slept well beneath that purple tide
As others under turf.

Couldn't Fool Him.

In a Boston suburb, a priest of one of the churches announced that a collection would be taken up to defray the cost of coal for heating the church.

Everybody contributed but Tim—who gave a sly wink as the plate was presented to him, but nothing else. The priest noticed Tim's dereliction, but surmised that he might have left his money at home.

A similar contribution was levied the following Sunday. As before, everyone gave except Tim, who looked sly. The priest wondered, and after service took his parishoner to task.

"Now, Tim," he said, "why didn't you give something, if it was but little?"
"Faith, I'm onto yez!" said Tim.
"Tim!"
"Yes, father."
"What do you mean?"
"Oh, nothing. Just that I'm onto yez; that's all."

"Tim, your words are disrespectful and require an explanation. What do you mean?"
"Oh, faith, father, a-thrying to pull the wool over me eyes, a-thrying to make us believe yez wants the money to buy coal to heat the church, an' yer riverence knows it's heated by steam!"

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DODD'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS



It is always interesting, more, it is profitable, to hear a man's remarks and opinions on his own works of art, whatever that art may be. In many ways he is their best judge; in others, their worst. To estimate such work fairly, one must know what has been the aim in view, and that the artist can best tell. Mr. Atkinson's commentary on his pictures which were exhibited and sold last week were thus not only of interest, but really a key to many things. A casual observer might notice the artist's love of gray effects of twilight and moonlight and early dawn, of mystery in arrangement and color. Woodland by the Lake, Mr. Atkinson acknowledged to be his favorite, if such there could be, of these children of his brush. It is a view on the Island of Orleans, a stretch of road receding, broken by a ravine; in the distance a glimpse of the blue river. The trees are solidly painted, in a manner somewhat less spontaneous than is usual with the artist. A number of views on this island disclose an amount of picturesque material quite surprising—low houses, thatched roofs even! In one sketch is a cottage on a point of land, misty water behind and before; a gray day, such as this artist seems to feel, not only to his finger tips, but to his brush ends, making a delightfully harmonious whole. In A Sheep Fold is one of those interiors often depicted by Jacques, the rafters and earthen floor full of warm browns, the shepherd boy's coat making a complementary note of blue, a glimpse through the open window of the bright daylight; this "window" not, however, accounting for the light falling on the flock which comes from another direction. There were also two or three examples of another class of subject—French-Canadian village scenes in our clear-cut atmosphere, hills sharply outlined against the sky; no chance of hazy effects, but much color in the houses and quaint old church. Among the water-colors, Gathering Storm has caught the effect of moving masses of sky lifting at the horizon, a lonely hut in the wide fields. Mr. Atkinson is perhaps right, right for himself no doubt and possibly for many others, in thinking there may well be a sameness in a man's work; when the artist finds what he expresses himself best at he should keep to that class of subject, as Corot did to his silvery grays and greens. Only there are some men of so many moods that only in a great variety of subjects can their ideas be fitly embodied. Considering the number of sales that have preceded this one the results were surprisingly satisfactory. It was a matter for regret that many of those who came towards the close had not been present earlier. Among the purchasers were: Mr. Cowan of Oshawa, Mr. Flavelle, Mr. Plummer, Mr. Ekeekart, Mr. Williams and Mr. Williamson. Mr. Atkinson expects to leave next month for Holland, where he will spend the greater part of the year sketching and visiting the galleries.

The Chicago Tribune gives some details of the splendid bequest to the British nation by the widow of Sir Richard Wallace, of her magnificent collection: "The collection—pictures and articles of vertu—is unequalled in any private gallery in the world. Its salesroom value is estimated at \$7,500,000, though from an artistic point of view many of the pictures, notably those of the Dutch masters, are practically priceless. It comprises the best part of a famous collection begun by the third Marquis of Hertford, the original of Thackeray's Lord Steyne. He had wealth at his command at a time when, after the last French revolution and the upheaval caused by the Napoleonic wars, collections were dispersed wholesale, and being endowed with unerring taste, he accumulated a collection of pictures, of Louis XVI furniture, and of china which, in the opinion of successive generations of experts, does not include a single second-rate article. There are six hundred

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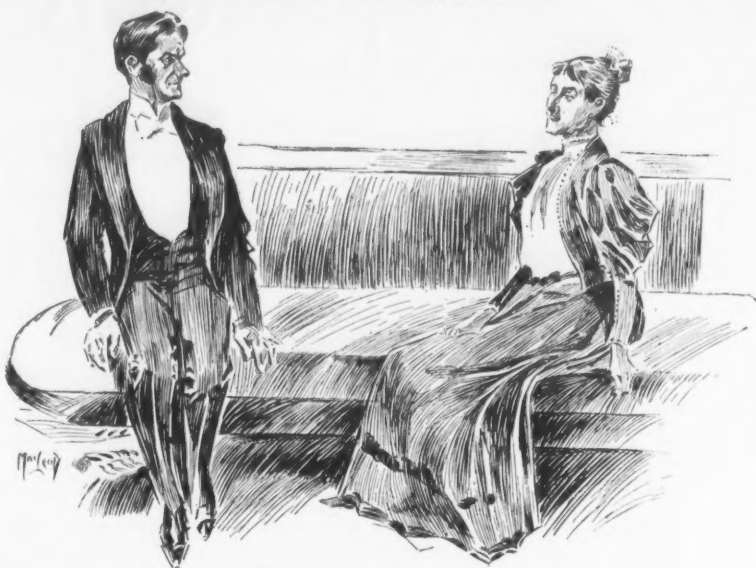
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His Cause of Alarm.
Drawn for SATURDAY NIGHT by A. MacLeod.



She—They say that marriages are made in Heaven.
He—Yes, but the engagements are contracted on earth.

pictures, including all schools. One of the most notable of English collectors said to me yesterday: "Every one of the six hundred is a veritable masterpiece of its kind." It is well known that a suit of French furniture by Reissner, admittedly the finest example of Louis XVI. work extant, was stolen from the Louvre during one of the upheavals in Paris about 1840. Lady Wallace was devoid of artistic leanings, but her boudoir at Hertford House contained thirty Greuzes, all among the very finest examples extant of that master."

Charles Mulligan, the sculptor, is engaged, in Lorado Taft's studio in Chicago, upon a reproduction in marble of the head and bust of the statue of Apollo which was secured in Constantinople by the French Ambassador, Choiseul Gouffier. The reproduction upon which Mr. Mulligan is engaged is to be presented by Mrs. Jessie Lemont Barbour of Louisville to a museum, and is made from a plaster cast of the original statue, which was given her by the archaeologist, Charles Waldstein. The original is a superb example of Greek archaic sculpture of the fourth century B. C. At this early period Greek artists frequently imitated the style of earlier sculptors, much as modern artists adopt an archaic style in their work to-day.

Mr. J. C. Pinkey of Hudson, near Montreal, was the Associate elected this year Academician. Mr. Pinkey is, we believe, Canadian by birth. He studied for a while in this city, spent some years abroad, mostly in Paris at the Beaux Arts and under Gerome. Since 1889 he has lived at Hudson. His work is often weak in drawing and construction, but it never fails to be expressive and shows a fine appreciation of color. One critic describes his picture, La Penserosa, in the present exhibition as "a mixture of Watts and Leighton. Watts for the sentiment and solidly built up figure; Leighton for the finish."

Mr. Montague Marks in his department in the Art Amateur discusses the authenticity of a number of well known pictures in the National Gallery and in other collections; he says: "Here is Her Majesty, the Queen, still attributing to Holbein her truly delightful portrait of Edward VI. when a boy, although Holbein must have been dead when it was painted."

From a returned traveler we learn that the Academy exhibition this year in Ottawa is nothing behind its predecessors, possibly in many ways an advance. The place of honor is given to Miss Holden's picture, whose excellent workmanship makes one pardon the rather absurd title, Paint me, Auntie.

The Associates elected are: Miss Florence Carlyle of Woodstock (who is a niece of Thomas Carlyle), Miss Margaret Houghton of Montreal, Mr. Charles E. Moss of Ottawa, and, from the architects, Mr. S. H. Capper, who is professor of architecture in McGill.

Mr. Gordon Osborne is making progress in his studies in modeling under Mr. St. Gaudens at the Art Students' League, New York.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

The Isles of Greece.

Labouchere, in *Truth*, says that he has received several parodies on Byron's poem, The Isles of Greece, and he selected the following, which although a little too fervid, yet represents not unfairly the public feeling in Great Britain at the present time:

The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
Where Byron loved, and fought, and sung,
'Tis time our talk of these should cease
Now Britons' heads in shame are hung;
'Tis time their memories to forget,
When their foul tyrants we abet.

'Tis time we gagged that ardent muse
Which hastened Freedom to salute,
Now that we shiver in our shoes,
And do what despots may depute;
Now that we do their dirty work
And still uphold the fiendish Turk.

The mountains look on Marathon,
But what is that beyond they see?
They see our battleships sail on
And fight that Crete may not be free,
They see our tars, once prompt to save,
Re-fix the fetters on the slave.

Our history, candor must allow,
Has records one would fain dismiss,
But we have never joined till now
In such a cowardly deed as this.
Dead statesmen, heroes, martyrs, say!
Our proud traditions—where are they?

Aye, where are they? And where art thou,
My country? Resolute of yore
Thy righteous purpose to avow,
Does Justice nerve thine arm no more?
And wilt thou stand resigned and meek,
And mute, forsooth, when tyrants speak?

This right at least we still may claim,
Who share perforce our land's disgrace,
To feel a patriot's burning shame
When England stoops to be so base—
Tyrants, who Liberty would crush,
Still leave to us the right to blush.

'Tis all that we can do, alas!
We can but blush—our fathers bled.
Oh, that the earth could give us back
The heroes whom those fathers led!
For they would dare, a land to free,
To risk a new Thermopylae.

We have our British gold-bags yet,
Where has our British valor gone?
Has England's star for ever set,
That once so clearly, proudly shone?
Well may our dead turn in their graves
Now Englishmen are Europe's slaves.

The Cretans, in their hour of need,
For England's help all vainly call.
What is her answer when they plead?
A Curzon quibble, that is all.
Dead to their shrill ear-piercing cry,
Diplomats daily whilst they die.

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks,"
Lord Byron was constrained to say:
And in the Cretans' shell-corn ranks,
The same advice holds good to-day.
"Trust not the Franks for anything!"
Our hissing bomb-shells seem to sing.

I looked o'er Canaan's crowded bay,
And saw our battle ships steam by.
Above them, as in Nelson's day,
I saw the flag of England fly;
But horror rushed into my brain,
For on that ensign was a stain!

I shuddered as that stain I saw,
I bowed in bitter shame my head,
And then methought I heard with awe
A voice that cried, as from the dead,
"Tarnish no more that glorious rag,
Haul down, haul down, the British flag!"

Some New Books.

THE FORGE IN THE FOREST, an Acadian Romance, by Charles G. D. Roberts, just published by Briggs, is an exceedingly clever, well told story of early days in Nova Scotia. It contains no elaborate plot or intricate complications, but its delineation of character, its simplicity of style, its dramatic treatment of incident, and not the least its references to nature and vivid descriptions of scenery, make it a delightful book from start to finish. Not that the author goes out of his way to bore one with effusions about the sunsets, and the lights and shadows of the dancing leaves, and that sort of thing, hackneyed beyond endurance, but by subtle, indirect references, a few words here and there in the course of the narrative, he makes you feel as if you were yourself paddling down a river with the odor of the great, virgin pine-forest in your nostrils. Himself an enthusiastic canoeist, Mr. Roberts can describe journeys by canoe in a way that fires every reader who ever wielded a paddle. The main incident of the story turns on the abduction of a child by an intriguing, unscrupulous priest and his Indian tools, and the way in which a rescue is made by the hero of the story (who himself tells the tale). It is a difficult thing to make the hero of a romance tell the story modestly and yet in a way which gives the reader the full value of the facts, but Jean de Mer, the Acadian Ranger, does so, and this personality of Jean's, running as it does through the whole book, constitutes its chief charm.

The "woman interest" of the story centers chiefly in the mother of the abducted child, and a romance delicate and delightful is developed between her and Jean de Mer, the crisis of which is withheld till the last sentence in the book. *The Forge in the Forest* is a strong addition to Canadian historical novels, which everybody knows can bear adding to, and should be read by all Canadians who have the slightest interest in their own country.

The Six-Nation Indians in Canada by J. B. Mackenzie is a new book that will be enjoyable to those who take an interest in the romantic story of the race which, except in a few instances, will soon be completely extinct. The Mohawks of the Grand Valley are perhaps the best specimens of the people in Canada, and it is of these the book deals. Hunter, Rose & Co. are the publishers.

Passports, by I. Julien Armstrong, one of T. Fisher Unwin's Little Novels series, is on sale at the book stores.

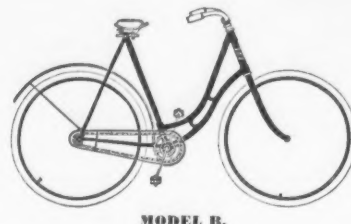
The fourth quarter of *Current History* for 1896 is out, and maintains the excellent reputation of that periodical.

A review of Historical Publications of 1896 relating to Canada, edited by George M. Wrong, M.A., Professor of History in the Toronto University, has just been published by William Briggs, and will prove a valuable book of reference.

Massey's for March is particularly rich in fiction, there being no less than nine complete stories and sketches. Besides these are part five of *With Parkman Through Canada*, and

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an article on the City Postoffice by T. C. Patteson.

The *Canadian Magazine* contains articles by David Christie Murray, Prof. Clark, Schuyler Emerson Day, A.M., and others. Also a couple of good short stories by Miss Kathleen Sullivan and J. Macdonald Oxley.

Mrs. Benham—Henry, baby swallowed a nickel to-day. Benham—Then he's five cents in.

"This won't do," exclaimed Mrs. Box excitedly, "there's thirteen at table." "Never mind, maw," shouted little Johnnie, "I kin eat fur two; that makes it fourteen."

Little Man (golf enthusiast)—Why don't you play golf? Big Man (blase)—Why, because I object to chasing a quinine pill around a cow pasture.

"Do you enjoy novel reading, Miss Belinda?" "Oh, very much; one can associate with people in fiction that one wouldn't dare to speak to in real life."

Social and Personal.

The annual conversation of the Y. W. C. Guild was held in their building on McGill street, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion, on Thursday, March 11. The hall and rooms were crowded with a bright throng of young people who thoroughly enjoyed all the good things prepared for them. Two short but attractive programmes were given in the large hall, commencing with Mr. Smedley's Ladies' Guitar and Mandolin Club. Vocal solos by Miss Doran and Miss Magson, Messrs. Boyd and Hodson, with readings by Misses Webb and Donaldson; a banjo solo by Mr. Smedley; scarf drill and tableaux by members of the gymnasium. The thanks of the Guild are due to all the performers who so kindly gave their services; also to Prof. H. M. Fletcher, who arranged the programme and had charge of the decorations, which were much admired. Roentgen rays in the parlors and a graphophone in the lecture-room were a source of much amusement to many. Others sought out the art studios and the gymnasium, where one of the best displays of '97 models of ladies' wheels were to be seen. Taken altogether, the young ladies deserve great credit for the successful carrying out of such an enjoyable evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Carbrook, and Miss Muriel Campbell, having found the air of Mentone too relaxing have decided to return to England.

Mr. Speaker and Mrs. Edgar and their family are going to Ottawa the beginning of next week.

Miss Springer gave a tea to a few friends at her rooms in Church street on Monday afternoon.

Miss Lucy McLean Howard has returned from her visit to Dr. Backus, and Mrs. McLean Howard left on Thursday for Atlantic City.

Mrs. Hardy returns from Brantford the early part of next week.

Miss Minnie Gaylord has been appointed solo soprano of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y., whose pastor is Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Messrs. Arthur and Duncan Macdonald of Oakland have gone for a trip to Bermuda.

Receiver-General Anderson's death at Ottawa was a bereavement to several well known Toronto citizens. Mrs. Murphy, wife of Nicholas Murphy, Q. C., and Mr. Bouchette Anderson of the Customs Department were his daughter and son. Mr. Anderson was born in that bustling year of Waterloo, 1815, and came to Canada in 1833. His wife was Miss Rose Elliott, daughter of Colonel Elliott of Sandwich. Mrs. Krauss and Mrs. George Kingsmill are also daughters of the late Receiver-General.

Mr. Harold Bickford has joined the Sixth Carbineers, and Toronto has presented another trim young soldier to Mamma England.

Mr. Alfred Beardmore, who has been south for some weeks, returned home on Monday, quite benefited by the change to a milder climate.

Bishop Sullivan's noonday talks continue to be of great interest and attraction to the classes and the masses. Though of quite another type from the fiery ex-Canon, the bishop's quiet and impressive earnestness has great weight and is very powerful in enchainning the attention of his hearers.

Sickness among the little folks has darkened the glorious spring days for many an anxious pater and mater. I was sorry to hear of the serious illness of Mrs. Frank Anglin's wee darling, and am sure much sympathy will be hers in this instance.

The storks left a little girl at Mrs. Jack Michie's on the eve of St. Patrick. The wee lassie is doing nicely, and is more than welcome, as first blessings have a way of being. Many kind wishes go to the young mother and the popular captain of the 48th, the proud papa.

Mr. William McKenzie has been greeting old friends for the past fortnight. Mrs. and the Misses McKenzie, who were much missed last winter from social functions, are now in England and are all very well.

Lady Howland was sufficiently better to go down to Ottawa this week. There is, as our Ottawa correspondent remarked last week, a plethora of women in the Capital just now, as a general rush seems to be the rule in that direction. The elder ones will have the jollier time, as they "know the ropes" and have certain *bons amis* who will not see them neglected. I am quite interested in hearing who is to be the "one woman" *par excellence*, and have had a hint that she will not hail from the West, but from so far East that her ancestral acres are washed by very salt water indeed. Well, when we get a beauty from the Maritime Provinces she is apt to be something stunning. *Nous verrons!*

Some time ago an incipient romance was ruthlessly nipped in the bud by common sense and parental authority and the inconsolable he left to wear the willow, while the equally wretched she was whisked away to foreign parts. I hear that these drastic measures were all in vain, that the constant pair have overborne the opposition of papa and mamma, and that their engagement will shortly be announced. As the Chinaman said to the Senator in the play, "I hope there will be fireworks," and indeed I have no doubt they, or their equivalent, will be much in evidence.

"What do you lack most in America? Why, repose and dignity. These things are almost unknown among you." Such were the words of a very famous man who passed through Toronto several moons ago. And he added: "I have seen in your city pompous people, stupid people, and stiff people; I have met some utterly charming people, but only one dignified person." And three of us shouted the same name at him in a twinkling. Whose do you suppose it was?

What might have been quite a horrid accident was happily averted by a quick-eyed

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woman on Tuesday, who, happening to observe the roof apparently moving down, as she and a friend stood on a doorstep waiting for a tardy maid to answer their ring, seized her friend and rushed her down the steps, just in time to escape a ton or so of snow and ice, which completely blocked an entrance to the house and

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might have broken the slender necks of the callers had it reached their unhappy forms.

"So you want to marry Fred, do you?" said the father. "Yes, papa," replied the daughter, with her arms about his neck. "And go away and leave me all alone?" "Why, no, papa! I know Fred will be willing to leave mamma with you!"—*Vonkers Statesman*.

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Theosophists Coming.

The party of American and English theosophists who are to visit Toronto and speak in the Princess Theater on Thursday evening, April 1, includes some of the foremost speakers in the movement. Their reception in the various countries which they have visited has been remarkable; in Athens, Greece, for instance, hundreds were turned away from the hall in which the meeting was held. In Egypt, India, Australia and New Zealand similar receptions were accorded them, and since their landing in San Francisco public interest in their work has crowded the largest halls in every city visited. This has been especially marked since the laying of the foundation stone of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity at Point Loma, a ceremony which was attended by the Mayor of San Diego, the officers of the British and United States man-of-war then in the bay, and a host of the general public. Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, the leader of the party, laid the foundation stone with impressive ancient ceremonies. She is a most magnetic speaker and her addresses are marked by forceful simplicity. Rev. Mr. Williams is a well known clergyman of Bradford and was formerly an army chaplain in India. Mr. E. T. Hargrove has already gained a reputation in Toronto for commanding eloquence. The music which will be rendered has been specially chosen by Mrs. Tingley. Admission will be free and seats may be reserved without extra charge.

He—Have you ever had your ears pierced? She—No; but I have often had them bored.

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Births.

COWAN—March 17, Mrs. C. G. Cowan—a daughter.
SMITH—March 16, Mrs. Gordon J. Smith—a son.
JAGGER—March 11, Mrs. Chas. Jagger—a daughter.
MICHIE—March 16, Mrs. J. Forbes Michie—a daughter.
PARKS—March 10, Mrs. W. J. Parks—a daughter.
PARKINSON—March 16, Mrs. M. Parkinson—a daughter.
MILNER—Feb. 28, Mrs. Beverley Milner—twin daughters.
WITHROW—March 9, Mrs. J. A. Withrow—a daughter.
CORK—March 11, Mrs. Wm. A. Cork—a son.
DUNSFORD—March 11, Mrs. W. H. Dunsford—a daughter.
SYMMONDS—March —, Mrs. (Rev.) Herbert Symonds—a son.

Marriages.

McKAY—MORRISON—March 10, Hugh McKay to Sybil Morrison.

Deaths.

BARKER—March 16, Mary Anna Barker, aged 77.
MONRO—March 13, Mary Monro, aged 82.
PLUMMER—March 16, Thomas Plummer, aged 47.
COTTER—March 17, Murray Cotter, aged 19.
WILGESS—Cobour, George Wilgess, aged 81.
ACONLEY—March 8, Alice Aconley, aged 60.
PETTIT—March 16, Mary Eliza Pettit, aged 79.
BRENNER—March 11, W. W. Brenner.
BURNHAM—March 12, John Burnham, aged 58.
GUEST—March 11, Mrs. Sarah A. Guest.
ANDERSON—March 11, Robt. F. Anderson, aged 21.
CARTER—March 14, Charles H. Carter, aged 75.
MUTCH—March 13, Rev. John Mutch, aged 41.

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